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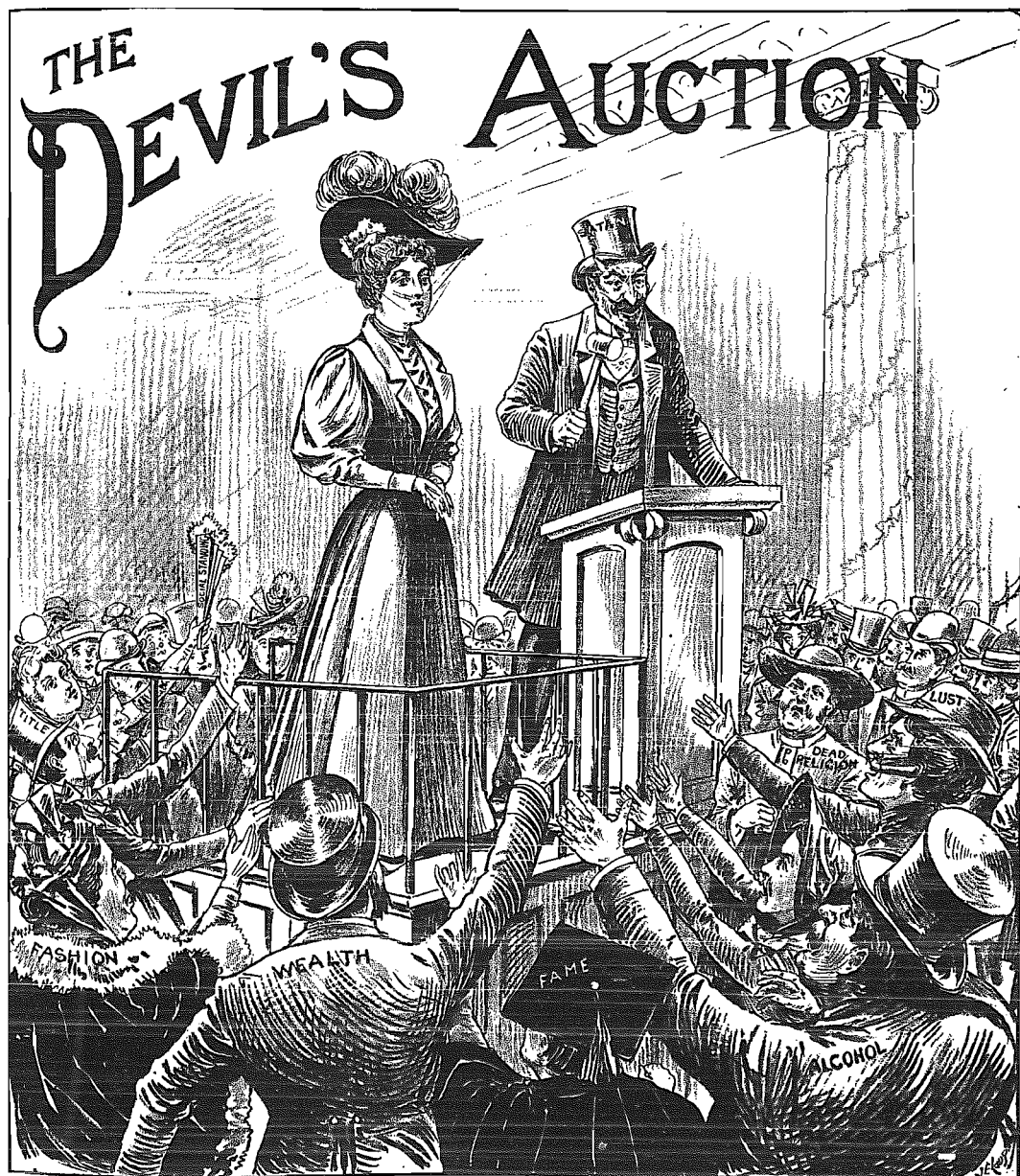
WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH-WESTERN AMERICA.

VOL. II. NO. 45. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1897.

[EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner for North-Western America.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



"Society was at length declared to be the successful bidder for this splendid chance."—See article by Staff-Capt. Southall.

THE DEVIL'S AUCTION.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN SOUTHALL.

(See Frontispiece.)



IGNIFICANT TITLE. It muttered, half audibly, as the words caught my vision.

It was the announcement of a "Prizeo paper of a play, running in one of the theatres of this city.

The impression made upon my mind was more than superficial. Involuntarily the words rush to my memory every now and again, as if urging me to make some use of the suggestions they arouse.

The "Devil's Auction" is by no means a mere play confined to the genius of the modern stage, and enacted by a few individuals, who by training of their emotional and physical faculties produce scenes that thrill the heart and excite the feelings of a few hundred onlookers. Would that it could be said when the curtain fell on the last act, "That is all!" But, not so! There is

Another Production, Painfully Realistic, and constituting the most tragic drama in creation. It opens in the summer of golden promise, and closes in the autumn of eternal night. Its audience counts by the hundreds of millions. The stage is as wide as the world. The actors, as well as the auditors, for the main part, are unconscious of their position or responsibility. There are two classes of spectators—angels and devils—viewing the spectacle from traffic and barter, who, unseen, watch with intensest anxiety the daily progress of this great auction. Strange contrasts are presented. Two extreme opposites are represented—righteousness vs. unrighteousness—truth vs. falsehood—peace vs. misery—joy vs. sorrow—HEAVEN vs. HELL. But to the Society you must first understand, however, that this Auction is somewhat different to the meaning ordinarily conveyed by the word. The organization, its agencies form a mighty combine, spreading itself as a subtle network over the whole earth, holding in its meshes the destinies of the world's population. Such is the awful power it has developed, that through its many agencies it can in seconds affect almost every living creature.

Corridor, Threat or Promise, It almost compels the individual to put himself up for a price (which he is usually allowed to fix), whether in wealth, or some particular standing in the world, or some other advantage. The Auction has been incorporated and is known to a few as the "Imperial Diabolical Trusts and Mortgage Co." The President of the Auction is the "Madame." The names of some of the Directors will be given later. The name of the Institution and its President and directors is kept secret, and the Auctioneers meet frequently to discuss plans for further advances, having nothing less as their aim than the usurpation of all the world.

But here we are—at the Great Mart. See the magnificent pictures that adorn the pillars and walls of this strange place, where the richly carved and gilded panels captivate scenes of prowess on the part of those who have succeeded in finding the "bonanza." The President's name is "Some one like character. These things play on the imagination of the unwary and form a strong temptation to what is the extreme wonder of I soon discover that a young man has become fascinated with the offers of some of

Koon-Eyod Johners who are ever on the look-out, and new presents himself.

He is a big, burly fellow, with heavy gold chain resting on his portly stomach, and with diamonds flashing from ring and finger. He is dressed in the most expensive of the sensuous, protruding eyes now focussed on the young man. He is running a close race with the other men, who when I make out to be FAME. One after another give up the contest, and the big fellow, whose name I never hear, wins. The "OJOL"—being the good time General prize. The price he offered was to me a strange one—pleasure, friends, buoyancy, a jolly life, and a good time generally. Some one near me suggested that he was a rogue, and seldom gave anything better than rage, misery, disappointment, premature death, and other such things. The excited individual is endeavoring to make an announcement, but the din that comes from the other side of the hall renders makes it impossible to hear. Many soon explain themselves, however, and the bidders once more have their eyes fixed in one direction. Looking towards the elevated stand reserved for the purpose, I see standing there

A Young Lady, of extremely prepossessing appearance,

A neat costume of the latest fashion adorns her perfect form. Grace and refinement are manifest in every motion. It is announced that with exceptional natural abilities, reinforced by the best educational training, she ranks as one of the most cultured and accomplished young ladies in the State. Bidding goes on briskly. Society, Title, Fame, Wealth and others rush past each other with tempting offers. Somehow, the rich character of the young lady seemed to present a strange anomaly to the general influence of the place. Could she have come on that fatal morning what was concealed behind the broadcloth and glitter of gold, and beheld the real character of her surroundings, what a learned afterwards that the truth had leaked out through a few fearless men and women—sensible Christians—that this was a less a place than the great, Soul Mart, the Agency of Hell. SOCIETY was at length declared to be the successful bidder for this splendid chance. I noticed two sanctimonious and sage-looking individuals speaking in grave terms, and overheard some expressions of the disappointment and regret they felt that the beautiful gifts of this rare specimen had not been secured for the cause of God and humanity. Still, afraid that the vestment might not be returned, the despoiled covetousness demanded, the opportunity was lost while they

Haggled and Debaated as became their selfish and phlegmatic make-up. I found these were representatives of "Deceitful Religion," and "Insipid Sentimentality" respectively. "Gone!" cried the Auctioneer, at which words the blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and I felt the face of the "Madame" flash before me. I found a place in some unworthy position amid the turmoil and din of worldly affairs.

Another stirring feature of the crowd was the sight of the parties and portesses of this human market is that so many rich people—especially ladies—are amongst the number of those who are

Seeking High Premiums for their sons and daughters—the latter in particular.

A faithful champion of Christianity occasionally braves the sneers, opposition and threats of the mob. Once this morning I heard that a young woman, dressed in peculiar garb—coal-scuttle bonnet and blue dress, broke through the conventionalities and customary restraints of the society of her King one of her sex that was on the stand. The unfortunate one standing there had been at this sale before, and in the previous offering she had sold her life and gaiter on the surrender of all she had held sacred. She had been deceived, and had just finished her term of imprisonment. She thought there must be a chance of her expectations being realized, she had consented to offer herself again. Bidding was nearly over, the offer was made, and the "Madame" of the "respectable house," when the

Heroic Young Woman in the Strange Attire,

with the offer of restored character, with satisfaction here and in the home, she entered the hall. Her sight is becoming more common now, I learn, and the combine are much elated over the losses they have already sustained.

THE OWNERS CLAIM THEIR PROPERTY.—Alcohol loses no time in initiating his latest acquisition into the pleasure palace he has promised her. The young man seems quite satisfied, and for a while all goes well. Life seems a golden dream. Still as months pass, the young man gradually loses its luscious flavor, and no longer gives the exhilarating pleasure of the first time. The tinkling of the glasses have no longer the musical rhythm of years ago. However, the contract's signature is not to be denied. He concludes he can only go on and hope for the best at the finish.

Absorbed in the glitter of their surroundings, and the dance of brilliant promises, but few of the victims of this hellish combine seem to have any real apprehension of the end. The price they have paid is the trust themselves. All notice the same vacillation in things about them. The glitter gradually fades and becomes dimmer. The music of the dance was at first a delight, but

Seen Changing to Drudgery,

from drudgery to slavery. Still it seemed too far and too irksome to retire

their path. Heaviness and despondency forbade the effort. The aspirations seem chained to the desires imprisoned—call it what you will, but it is a call that ill-matches to the true, the pure, and the holy seems to be fettered by the base, the selfish, and the false. Time creases it. The thought that the contract will soon be finished brings some relief. Until the devoted one suddenly roids on the gathering shadows of life's events that it is blinding in the world to come—"Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap."

It is the young lady with the exception that the roses have fled, and sickness has marred the fair form of years ago. The shadows of death are slowly roids the awful truth flashing in letters of fire before her vision—What! ME be subjected to such a dreadful penalty?—"I only sold myself for a few years of time!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" comes a response. The sound of the voice arrests the very circulation of one's blood. "Of course," it proceeds, "you are mine! Did you not accept my price? I expect my return." A piercing

Shriek of Despair follows: the echo arising half carnival and hell, and ten thousand devils greet this evidence of disappointment with a hellish cadence that reverberates in the ears of the soul that has sold itself. The glittering promises, which, all too late, she discovers was but a cruel delusion.

Are YOU interested? What is the price you have accepted? The Spirit of God has offered you, and you have accepted of these offers. WHICH? Beware! the finale is at hand. The devil will claim his. Imagine, if you can, the frightful closing scene of

"THE DEVIL'S AUCTION."

THE DEVIL'S AUCTION. By the LADY MRS. GENERAL BODTH.

And being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father. Acts i.

Be filled with the Spirit.—Ephesians v. 18.

(Continued.) They were not willing to go all the way—to pay all the price—to suffer all the consequences—but, if you want this blessing, you must have it. I will let you come to this before I got it. The last bid of my soul had to be renounced, and it was hard work, as it always is, because we love the things of this world. I had to be sold, and I was not to be sold. They were not believed. But we have to lay our real Isaac, our beloved and only Isaac, upon the altar. It is hard work, but it has to be done because He is a jealous God, and will have no rivals. Do you so appreciate this blessing that you are willing to give up your Isaac? If so, you may have it this afternoon. He will sell you with His Spirit.

Third, and lastly, they waited in obedience. I don't know how many of you know? Because they waited. He said, "Go, my son, to the City of Jerusalem." Peter might have said, when he heard of this, "I think I will go." "Well, what am I going to do now?" I have been a long time running after the Lord in Palestine, I must betake myself to Jerusalem. I have been a long time on sea bench as in Jerusalem. I wonder why the Lord told me to go to Jerusalem? I think it was rather unreasonable. He told me to go to Jerusalem, and I had to go home at home. I think I shall go home to my fish-net. No, no, they had been cured of their unbelief by the last few days of waiting. They had learned better than to detest to their Master, and they knew He had a good purpose in sending them. They had learned that they went there and did as He bade them—straight. Back to that upper room they went. Mary might have said, "I have been a long time waiting for the Lord, and I have been waiting for the Saviour a long time, I'm afraid my friends will think I am neglecting home duties and the claims of old friends. I really must go home and see to matters a bit; I may as well wait there for the Holy Ghost as at Jerusalem." No, Mary had learned better. She went back to Jerusalem. We have to wait for the Lord. And they entered into the upper room, and shut the door, and waited—obedient faith. Some of your poets said:

"Obedient faith waits on Thee,
Thou never wilt forsake me."
No, it is the disobedient faith that is sent empty away. Oh! people are crying out about their faith, but it is their disobedient faith. If the Lord has told you to wait, you must wait. You may say, or company, or time, and you disobey Him, you will never get it, and you will have to come to these conditions at last, even if you wait. You must have obedient faith! While there is a spark of inobedience, or rebellion, or dictation, you will never get it. Truly submissive and obedient souls only can enter the Kingdom. Anywhere He tells you to go, on, on,

thing. He tells you to sacrifice, or to from, you will have to do this. This is His choice gifts that He has reserved for His choice servants, those who serve Him with all their hearts.—Obedient faith.

But you say, "How do you know it was faith?" Oh, because we know they did as He bade them. Now, faith is obedience. It is not a feeling, it is a doing. If you hear there is always expectation, when I hear people praying, as I often do, from the throat, for the Holy Ghost, and see how they wait, and how they get up from their knees, and how they live and whom they associate with, and how they spend their time, I say, "Yes, you may pray in your own day, but you will never get it." If they expected anything they would wait for it, come to the end of the line.

Those people waited. How long? What a hue and cry there is now about the Salvation Army people spending who's nights in prayer. People—Christians, grey-headed Christians, up and down the country say to me, "I don't know how you get the time to do it. It must be such an immensely long time. I don't know how you do it. I say you spend all night in prayer." I say, "Yes, with just an interval for putting on my hat and showing the people how to appear in the morning. Then they say: 'It must be such an awfully long time.' I suppose you have to wait, to spend one whole night in prayer." I have told, they waited ten days, till the Day of Pentecost was fully come. I have told them that they were far into the night, and they could keep their eyes open, awake. They waited. They did not rest on the Lord a day. They were wise. They waited, and they were not. They waited the couple of days of it. That is the long time. We will just shut out all else and wait on the Lord for a couple of days, and if He doesn't come, then the time will be outrageous to wait. Anyone who heard of a prayer-meeting two days and two nights' long? They did not sit like the Lord's people. They waited till it came.

You say, "No, I have not got it." No, because you did not wait until it came. You got hungry, or you got angry, or you hugged your idol. You did not wait TILL IT CAME.

And they had given up on the fifth day, and said, "There must be some mistake. He knows we are here, all right, and the world is perishing for our mess, but there seems to be some mistake. We had better begin." But no, they waited on, and on, and on, until it came. Can you imagine what sort of prayers went up? They were long, and they were short, they were the lazy, backsliding prayers that we hear every now and then for the Holy Spirit?

Oh! they would Peter agonize and wrestle: how would Thomas plead; how would Mary ween, beseech, and entreat, and how were they all of one heart and of one mind? They were all waiting for the Holy Spirit, and they were there to get it. They cared for nothing else but that. They cried for it as hungry children cry for their mother's milk. They were waiting for the Lord ever disappoint anybody who waited like that? Can anybody say so here? Did you ever hear of such a case? Never.

Oh! but there are some people, now-days, who set God times in everything. They think a good deal more about their dinner, and their clothes, and their money, and a great deal more about intercourse with their friends and doing the polite to them, than they do about the great promise of the Holy Spirit. They think a great deal more about their business. "Oh!" they say, "it is business, and business must be attended to." But what about the Holy Ghost and the Kingdom? Must not the Kingdom of God be attended to? Must not your soul be saved, and must not your heart be comforted, and must not the dwelling Spirit of God? Put a MUST in there, if you please. Far more important is the soul than the body. Friends, do you think you can get the Holy Spirit without them? Are these great truths, or are they fables? These are the most common-sense, simple things, and the most practical of all, and that could possibly be given. Was it not so? Did they not wait, and did not the Holy Spirit come? Did you ever hear of any one who waited, and did not the Holy Spirit come? Never.

People have a wonderful habit of losing sight of the little words of the Bible—the people who make a great to-do about the words of the Bible. I have heard of a man say, "I never saw that till you directed my attention to it." Suppose I were to say to you that the word "and" was a great word, and that each person, would you imagine I meant the men and not the women? Or of course you would say I meant every one. And it is the same with the words of the Bible, and they begin to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. He came.

He came, and He comes yet. My bodily senses have been quite captivated of His coming sometimes. We only know that we feel something that we can't describe it.

In the North, when I was there, we had an all-night of prayer, at which one thousand people, admitted of the Holy Spirit, and went on until six in the morn-

GOD'S BEST.

By Rev. A. B. Simpson.

God has His best things for the few
That dare to stand the test;
God has His second choice for those
Who will not have His best.

It is not always open ill
That risks the Promised Rest;
The better often is the foe
That keeps us from the best.

There's scarcely one but vaguely wants
In some way to be blest;
'Tis not Thy blessing, Lord, I seek—
I want Thy very best.

And others make the highest choice,
But when by trials pressed,
They shrink, they yield, they shun the cross.
And so they lose the best.

I want, in this short life of mine,
As much as can be pressed
Of service true for God and man;
Help me to be my best.

I want to stand, when Christ appears,
In spotless raiment dressed;
Numbered among His bidden ones,
His holiest and best.

I want among the victor throng
To have my name confessed,
And hear my Master say at last,
"Well done! You did your best."

Give me, O Lord, Thy highest choice—
Let others take the rest;
Their good things have no charm for me,
For I have got Thy best.

by this was a part of His sacrifice of consecration. Oh! the wonderful love! wonderful sacrifice!

The other part is devotion—devotion to God in the work of saving man, of saving a lost world, healing its sin, stunning its wounds, quenching its fires of burning lust, passion and hatred in the breasts of men, denouncing its wrongs, revealing the truth, standing for the right, ever championing the cause of the poor and oppressed, exposing the hypocrisies of the professors, bearing the slander, blasphemy, persecution and misrepresentation which are heaped on Him, and living the holiest, purest, most lovable, manly, heroic and beautiful life which ever man lived on earth in the midst of the carnage, filth and abominations which surrounded Him, receiving, in return, the most ingratitude of many whom He saved and befriended, and suffered at last the full fury, and blast, hellish spite and rage which burst on His bared bosom as a vindictive soul, until He expired on the tree. This was His devotion, the practical working side of His consecration, and so must it be in a measure with every truly consecrated soul to-day.

It is the intensely practical side of Christ's life which has ever made Him the adored model of all true Christians, and which will win to Himself the nations yet unborn. There was no hollow sentimentalism in His character, no plausible policy, no compromise, no scheme of the world's redemption. He knew His teachings would provoke the malice and hatred of the Jewish hierarchy, which would culminate in His death, but He was fearless and true. Undaunted by persecution, by apparent non-success, still on He went, until He secured the ultimate triumph of His life and teachings. He truly poured out His soul (life) unto death.

MAY WE TRULY IMITATE HIM!

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

Q.—AM I AFRAID OF RIDICULE?

A.—"Whoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My Words, of Him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."—Luke 9:26.

Q.—AM I LOOKING AT INCONSISTENT PROFESSORS?

A.—"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."—Rom. xiv. 12.

Q.—AM I AFRAID I SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTED?

A.—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

Q.—AM I UNWILLING TO FORGIVE?

A.—"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."—Ps. lxxv. 13.

Q.—AM I AFRAID I WILL NOT HOLD OUT?

A.—"My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Cor. xii. 9.

Q.—AM I WAITING FOR A CONVENIENT SEASON?

A.—"Now is the accepted time."—II. Cor. vi. 2.

Selected.

ing, and there were strong men, men in middle life and old men, bring on their faces on the floor. These were doctors there, who examined them and tried to account for it from physical causes, but they could not. It was the power of God. The Holy Ghost does come, and because, in coming thus into our souls, and thus filling us, He sometimes prostrates our bodies, people believe, as they did on the occasion, and reject the manifestation, and say, "Excitement! fanaticism!"

Will you let me say that the Holy Spirit coming into a human soul, operates upon that soul to the full extent without, to some degree, prostrating the body? We know how people fall under great emotions of anger, grief and joy. Why? Because the influence of the mind has so affected the body that the body cannot bear it, when the Holy Spirit of God comes into a human soul and opens its eyes, and quickens its perceptions, and enlarges its capacity, and fills it with glory, is an entirely, an improbable thing that the body should sometimes be prostrated under His power? What did Paul say?—"I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus, and I have been into the third heaven and heard things that it was unlawful (or impossible) to utter." Do you think God intended such experiences, and many more of God's people might have them if they would, but they are not willing to be wrapped in His arms; they are not willing to be prostrated to His will; they are not willing to know Him in the Scriptural sense; they are not willing to be given up and consumed by trials, and the heart and flesh do not cry out after the living God, as David's did. They are not panting after Him as the hart panted after the waterbrooks. They are not longing to come and appear before God. If they were so longing that they could not live without it, then God would come to be revealed to them. Will you, then, wait in obedient faith?

(Oh! I have the most awful realization that you will be eternally better or worse for these services, and so I want you to come up higher, I don't want you to go back, and get cold and indifferent to the things of God, because here is the hope of the world, if there are any here, it is in people getting filled with the Spirit, people getting so woke up to God and His ways, that the interior of the Kingdom, that they should be just as anxious for souls as other people are for sovereigns. Filled with the Spirit, having eyes to see spiritual things, which would lead them to break the bread of life, and, if need be, a zeal that will lead them to die for them. This is what we want, and it only comes with the fullness of the Spirit.

Are you willing, my brother? are you willing, my sister? If so, stop with us this afternoon. Never mind the dinner; never mind the tea. You have taken care of the outer man long enough, now look after the inner man. Never mind the children, mother, just now, the Lord will take care of them. Never mind the wife, who are athirst, but, getting this blessed Holy Spirit of God, this full baptism of you on your souls. The Lord help us. Amen!

Jesus Christ Consecration.

By STAFF-CAPTAIN WATSON.

HE consecration of Jesus was a consecration to death. He gave Himself a ransom for all, to be redeemed from all unrighteousness, and although there were many different stages between His first act of consecration and His last, yet they naturally divided themselves into two great and main features. By consecration is meant separation and devotion—separation from a life of selfishness, and devotion to a life of usefulness for others' sakes. It is the separation part of His consecration which I fear is much overlooked by many of us. We speak and sing of much of His sacrifice on the Cross, His sacrifice of death, which was indeed inconceivably great, but we are apt to underestimate the great sacrifice of separation involved in His leaving Heaven with its glory, peace, harmony and love, the companionship of His Father, and the adoration of the angels. I say, to leave such harmony and peace to come into such a sinning, reeking with the stench of sin, and the stench of a graveyard of death, a scene of vice and crime, and suffering, groaning under the tyranny of evil spirits, and live in it and meditate with it, and die to it, is a sacrifice of separation. We judge a consecration largely by what is given up, as well as by what we devote ourselves to.

The dreaded Hell of a Buddhist is the fear of a rebirth at death to an existence on a lower plane of life. Jesus voluntarily left the highest plane of existence to be born on the lowest plane of fallen humanity, emptied Himself, laid His glory

down off since then has the patient God-man come to those whom He has chosen, those whose life He has expected much of and found them sleeping, when He has bid them WATCH. How often has the creature failed Him. How oft, when wretched in his life, been found wanting! How often have His needs been unnoticed, and the beautiful golden opportunities which He has given to minister His death, and through them to Him, been let slip by, out beyond their reach for ever. I am more than ever convinced that a holy, successful life can only be had as we live in obedience each moment, watching our opportunities and seizing them before they are gone. May He keep us, as a people, awake to His watch and His Kingdom's best interests ever, prays Yours watching, A. D. C.

Straight Talk to Sinners.

ENSIGN SHEA.

THE Death Angel is on your track.

YOU are going to hell as fast as time can carry you.

ARE you prepared to die without ten minutes' warning?

JUST keep on living as you are and in due time you will be in hell.

YOU don't have to do anything worse than you have already done to go into hell.

DON'T forget that you are going straight to hell—unless you repent, and come to Jesus.

IF you live to please yourself, you will have to be pleased with yourself when you come to die.

IT will be most profitable for you to take time to look up in the Bible what God says about the future of the sinner.

WHEN Salvationists die—if they are at all conscious—they die with a smiling face, praising God for His great Salvation.

YOU can never experience or imagine in this life the sorrow and woe that will be yours in eternity if you live and die without God.

YOU often think that other people are going to hell, but how little it would be if you would stop for five minutes and think and realize that you are bound either!

AN INFIDEL died in Toronto whose throat was paralyzed, and he could not talk, but just before he passed away, great tears ran down his cheeks. I wonder why he cried?

I MAKE it a point to live without condemnation, so I can look back on no deadly losses; and I also make it a point to live so that I can see where improvements can be made.

DO you live daily with the realization of a guilty, condemning conscience, fully aware that your life is sinful and not pleasing to God? How awful will be your condemnation at the bar of God's justice!

I SAW a Salvation Army Officer die, and she sang and clapped her hands as long as she had strength, and the last word she said was "Hallelujah! Yours will be a fearful death unless you have found Jesus.

SIN AND THE SAVIOUR.

The guilt of one sin is a greater misery than the burden of a thousand crosses.

We cannot begin to lend a holy life till we first look to Christ for pardon for sin.

Nothing but the death of Christ for us will be the death of sin in us.

In the name of Jesus (Saviour) the whole Gospel lies hid. Light is the light, food, and medicine of the soul.

The comfort of a Christian lies not in his own fulness, but in Christ's.

The depths of misery are never beyond the depths of mercy.

A man can be in no condition wherein God is at a loss, and cannot help him. If comfort is wanting, He can create comfort, not only out of nothing, but out of discomforts.—Selected.

DO you really feel for sinners and weep over their sin?

WHEN you punish your child for outbreaks of ill-temper, be sure and see if God has been permitted to remove your own.



By STAFF-CAPTAIN COWAN.

OFTEN have I gazed with mingled wonder and grief upon that grand central figure in our beautiful Easter picture, "Christ in Gethsemane," wondering how He could have been willing thus literally "to pour out His soul unto death" and pass through the agonies of that awful hour. As a dear clergyman once remarked to me, "I never could understand how He could pass through it when I looked at that scene—the agony—the rays of light that streamed down the clouds overhead—until I noticed those three dark forms lying in the shadows, sleeping upon the ground, were brought vividly to view. Asleep! Strange—awful contrast! The Master in anguish, sweating great drops of blood; the disciples resting, taking it easy—sleep. Not only asleep and physically unconscious, but asleep to the Saviour's need and yearning desire for their human sympathy! Asleep to His one great and only opportunity, which could never come again in their lives, of helping to soothe His weary, aching heart, of proving their love and fellowship with Him in His suffering. Asleep! they three, of all the rest, chosen to watch with Him. James and John, who were His dearest, "Are ye indeed able to drink of the cup I shall drink of?" had answered, so confidently, "We are able!" Hold Peter, who was so confident that he would rather come than deny Him, already is he becoming a fit subject for Satan's slings. Oh, the disappointment as He slowly steals back to where He had left them to watch, to find them quite unconscious. Sadly the gentle, reproving question awakens them. "WAKE UP! YE HAVE WATCHED WITH ME ONE HOUR. WATCH AND PRAY, LEAST YE ENTER INTO TEMPTATION. THE SPIRIT IS WILLING, BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK."

SHORT, SHARP SERMONS

From and For Salvationists.

Stick to Uniform.

CAPTAIN LIZZIE PENNY, of St. John.

THE OTHER DAY, one of our Soldiers, going up the street looking for work, was accosted by a lady, who stopped him, saying, "I see you are a Salvationist; (observing the S. on his coat) and you must not go to pray for my son that is far from God in sin?" Of course the Salvationist gladly assented to do so. Now, if this Soldier had not had any uniform on, he would not have been recognized as a Salvationist, and the poor mother would not have had the joy of knowing that some one was praying for her boy. I wish to say here that I have been wearing uniform for ten years, and I love it and mean to wear it as long as my lasts. Let us stick to our uniform.

Six Points.

SECRETARY CASBIN, Halifax, I.

IF WE LOVE JESUS and souls, as we say we do, we will show it by our words and deeds. We are inconsistent, we are not real.

If we trusted God more about our affairs temporal and spiritual, and stop worrying, and make him our Father, as we would be. We honor God when we trust Him most, and He honors us in return.

I think the great lack of the Christian world to-day is the want of constant prayer. Most people backslide because of want of prayer. Let us help us to watch and pray.

If we want to be more like Jesus, as we say we do, we will have to walk in all the light that God gives us, obey the leadings of His Holy Spirit, watch and pray, deny ourselves, and take up our cross, follow Jesus, and labour for the Salvation of the world.

A man said to me the other day, "What a wonderful organization yours seems to be? Why," he said, "I thought that it had gone to pieces scores of times, when, lo, and behold it bobbed up serenely, as good as ever it was." I told him the secret of its success was that God was with it, and in it. What is the use of praying for the Salvation of the world, if we don't put forth any practical effort? What is the use of being a Christian, if we don't try to bring this about? I am convinced the best way to bring this about is the methods of the Salvation Army. Let us help us to watch and pray with the Holy Ghost.

CORRESPONDENCE CLIPPINGS.

What Became of the Man Who Was Put Out.

Staff-Captain Watson received the following recently: "I often-times think of you and your meetings when the roughs are cutting up and trying my patience, how you used to be tried with me and you had to put me out and keep out for thirty days. Well, that is a thing of the past. I have often wished I knew life was as sweet as you and other Officers and Soldiers would tell me when dealing with me. I have been saved eight years the 15th of this month, and been in the Field in the United States about five years. God has blessed me much in many ways in being saved and converted. I have been enabled to enjoy the Divine love of Jesus ever since the first hour I was converted. I remain, Yours affectionately, One of the Barrie Audience, Redeemed."

WM. COOPER, Captain, Fergus Falls, Minnesota, U. S. A.

Saloon Warfare.

Here's a beautiful letter from Cornwall, Ontario, to the Editor: Dear Major, I am sending you a few lines to tell you how good the War Cry sells in the saloons. I think there are somewhere about 15 saloons in this town, and out of that number there are twelve bartenders that are regular customers at taking the Cry, also I find two good customers in the billiard parlors every week besides what I sell to the men that come in and out of those places. In one saloon alone I have sold 13 and 14 on a Saturday afternoon, so I feel sure I am going to do a work in this town, if it is only by selling the War Cry amongst those that have not attended a place of worship. I was in the jail visiting the prisoners the other day with some War Cry, and really, it was quite a sight to see how eager the poor creatures were to get a paper. I could not help but think God there and then for ever letting us have such a paper, as the War Cry to sell—Yours willing to push the Cry, JENNIE BLOSS.

THE WARCRY.

COURTSHIP.

BY THE GENERAL.

MY DEAR COMRADES—The topic of the head of this paper will be talked on all hands to be an important one, of more than usual interest to most people, and intimately associated with the happiness and well-being of the community in general, and all will agree, I think, that it should, therefore, be considered under the head of "Every-day Religion."

The Importance of Right Views.

A large proportion of the Soldiers and Adherents of The Salvation Army are young and unmarried, a great number of them being as yet without marriage engagements. It must, therefore, be important that right views of Marriage, and of the steps which lead up to it, should be entertained by them; to it, as early a period as is possible; while any one can see how important it is that those Soldiers who are already married should be able rightly to instruct their children upon the subject.

My ability to give counsel on the topic will be admitted, by my own people at least, and it is about them and for their welfare that I am most particularly concerned. My qualifications for advising them may be questioned.

On personal experience, which is, after all, the safest teacher. I wasted some of my early days in the useless and line bearing this name. In my sixteenth year, however, the Spirit of Divine Wisdom came into my heart, and He certainly served me well if He did nothing more than keep me from the further evils to which this foolish course of conduct might so easily have led me.

(b) I have had and considerable experience of what might be termed *Courtship*. I had an engagement extending over three years with my dear wife before we were married. During that time I had a beautiful life in the extreme. She dealt with me, I must confess, as one who was inspired, and I can see now how much more profit and happiness I might have extracted from the intercourse of those days had I played my part in a wiser and more self-sacrificing fashion.

Backsliding Through Courtship.

(c) Then, I have had considerable opportunities for observation, and have been consulted by many individuals, both old and young, on this subject, and this is not only in virtue of my age, but of the position I have occupied. During this time I have watched many young people make pitiable misery for those connected with them, upon the one line, and sacrificed possibilities of great usefulness by foolish or ungodly engagements. If the Backsliders of the land, who have made shipwreck of Faith by irregular, early, and Christless courtships were counted they would swell to a very large number. On the other hand, I have known many men and women who have been strengthened in holiness and usefulness by wise and helpful associations of this description. In these respects, there-

fore, I think I am able to advise my young comrades on this subject.

Still, I am not sanguine of being very successful with my counsel even when I have given them. On no topic does the Adviser engage in a much more thankless task. In the first place, people have often already decided the question when they ask for counsel, and often when an actual decision has not been as yet arrived at, the affections have been so far committed in that direction as to amount to the same thing. Perhaps on no other topic do people so confuse their feelings with their judgment as in this, and we all know that it is never a very difficult task for a man or a woman to believe that course of action to be right which they very much desire, and on no other subject which ever comes before the mind are the affections and feelings, ordinarily speaking, so much involved.

Still, I will say my say, and it may be found to have some weight either to-day when it is read, or at some future period. And—

Marriage Right and Natural.

1. I remark that it is perfectly right for young people to look forward to marriage as the natural condition of life for them. They can see and feel that they were created and fashioned in view of it, and, therefore, may conclude that it is desirable and honorable. And so it is. If it can be entered upon lawfully and in harmony with the consecration which every Salvationist has made, no man or woman need make any excuse for desirous marriage, if so he that such a wish is truly subordinated to the higher and more important duties that they owe to God and to those around them, and if such a desire is only entertained in submission to the dictates of Providence and the choice of the Divine Will.

An Important Point.

2. At the same time it should be definitely understood, distinctly recognized, and heartily accepted that an equally happy, holy and useful life is possible for a person who chooses to remain unmarried.

It is important—indeed essential—to the happiness of a man or woman to accept this. Only let the contrary notion enter the head of a young person, and farewell to any real peace if marriage should not be the consummation. If the desired partner does not come along they will fret and chafe, or do some foolish thing or other which will not only destroy their happiness for the time being, but probably wreck their fortunes for eternity. The recognition of the truth that the highest and noblest ends of life can be made up of many other things, and that they can be found essential to a wise selection of either husband or wife.

I should like to know what proportion of men who have been saved since the world began through the notion commonly entertained, especially on the part of women, which mainly expresses

itself thus: "I cannot be happy unless I am married. Here is an opportunity of making an engagement. If I refuse this chance, I may never have another, and shall thereby consign myself to a life of misery." As the result of such a notion, women often rush into unions which they spend the rest of their lives in regretting, and frequently seeking to change, and, patience, would have given them all the advantages they desired, as well as lifelong happiness.

Persons Who Ought Not to Marry.

3. Under some circumstances, an unmarried state is not only permissible and perfectly compatible with happiness and usefulness, but a stern duty. Some people ought not to marry. For instance,

(a). A single life may be dictated by considerations of health. It cannot be right for a man or a woman with actual indications in themselves of Consumption, or Apoplexy, or some other grave form of disease, to marry, and with those of a healthy person; or, which is of more serious importance still, to enter into relations in which they will be all but certain to bring down their children to suffer from the same terrible malady.

(b). There may be some personal or family form of mental derangement in an individual sufficiently serious to render marriage not only unreasonable, but actually wrong. I cannot see how a man or woman who has already manifested symptoms of Lunacy can be expected to enter into that state which will probably result in the introduction of children into the world who will be all but certain to inherit similar tendencies.

(c). Marriage may be forbidden in the temporal interests of others. A father or mother who has a child who is dependent upon the service of a son or a daughter, or a number of orphaned brothers and sisters, or the possibilities of rendering valuable service to mankind, and generally of which will amount to a positive prohibition of marriage. If it be right, say, a duty, for a man under certain circumstances to lay down his life to save his fellows from shipwreck, or fire, or disease, or some other terrible calamity, which no man will deny, it must not only be desirable, but equally the duty of men and women to live lives of self-sacrifice when they plainly see that by doing so they will be able to render substantial benefit to their fellow-creatures.

(d). A single life must be a duty when the ability to support the Married State is wanting. A man or woman who is unable upon the man. He is the head of the house, and on him rests the obligation of providing for the temporal needs of his wife and children. The conditions of the Married State are such that the woman is frequently, nay, usually, deprived of the ability to labor for the daily needs of the household. Her responsibility, therefore, comes upon the man, and if he cannot see his way, and that very plainly, to support a wife and a family, and to look after the children, he is unable to do so. But the woman has a joint responsibility on this question. She cannot shirk her share, and, unless she would-be-love know that she possesses the means for her support or the probability of securing them, she will be unwise to enter into the Married State into an engagement, much more to enter upon the married state.

I cannot go further to-day, and this letter is already too long. More to follow.

Yours affectionately,
WILLIAM BOOTH.

From Butcher Shop to S. A. Barracks.

Four or five weeks ago, we were notified that we would have to leave our hall and quarters on April 1st, as it had been rented to some one else. Having tried to arrange it so that we could star, there was no other alternative but to hunt around for another suitable place. A building formerly used as a butcher shop was secured at a reasonable rent, but this, of course, meant a lot of work to fix it up as a meeting place. However, to think of the long time we had the means to hire help, we buckled to ourselves, set to work with hammer and chisel at tearing down partitions and making rooms for quarters, etc. After about four weeks' work, carpentering, paper-hanging, painting, frosting, etc., we succeeded in making a rough conversion of the old butcher-shop into a spanking, cheerful Salvation Army Barracks. Hallelujah! We had arranged for an overseer super, and the District Officer was on the opening, but we were doomed to disappointment. Owing to the washouts on the railroad, the super didn't come, and a telegram from the District Officer said the "owing to sickness she was unable to fill her appointment. Having to make the best of things under the circumstances, we got up a coffee and cake social instead. We had a fairly good meeting, and good prospects for a successful season in the hall. English McKenzie's Lantern Service in the old Barnack was a grand success. Lieutenant Greenfield has come to help us push on the war—Joe E.



[OUR SERIAL.]

AGNES MAYBURN OR THE STORY OF A GREAT STRUGGLE BY Evelyn

damp, she turned to him, acknowledged his sovereignty over her heart and life; not for the first time. Agnes had been touched by the story of his sufferings, and realizing in her inmost soul that IT WAS FOR HER he groined on the tree, and had his thrilling tongue lured by the vinegar—her heart melted. Oh, that yours, my dear reader, may melt also! As is always the case, after true conversion came a change of life, and nowhere was this change seen more than in her own home. Young as she was, she had learned the secret of abiding in Christ, and such was her influence that at the time of our story's opening, out of a family of seven—excluding her parents, who were converted years before—five were the Lord's children.

The church to which her parents belonged did not teach Hellism, so Agnes remained entirely in the dark as to the fact of this greatest of all God's blessings, and neither did she receive it for some years afterward, as we shall see as the story unfolds.

A year or so previous to this afternoon, Agnes, in company with her father, had visited an Army barracks in the neighborhood, and though at first somewhat shocked at the times that were used, soon learned to love these peculiar people for their earnestness, and, wishing to know more of them, she, with other girl friends, attended some of the General's and Mrs. Booth's meetings in Exeter Hall, and it was at one of these meetings that she first received the impression that she should identify herself with them as an Auxiliary, which impression soon afterward she acted upon, with the result, as already seen. Having made you acquainted somewhat with our heroine, I will now proceed with my story. Agnes had already replaced the letters in their envelopes, when the door of the room opened, and a young girl about the same age walked in, and throwing her arms around Agnes' neck, gave her a fond embrace.

(To be continued.)

It had been a wearying day to Agnes, after breaking up days of idleness. The midsummer quarter had just ended, prizes distributed, the last good-bye said to the last child, who had lingered to shake the hand and kiss the cheek of the teacher she loved, and Agnes sat, tired and listless. It had been an extra heavy quarter, for she had to finally prepare two young sisters to pass their "finals" and had been anxious that they might come out with as much honor as she herself had a few years before. Agnes was sitting out of her reverie by the entrance of a maid with three letters which had just been left by the postman. She received them with a warm smile, and a gleam of joy came into her tired eyes as she noticed that one of them bore a foreign stamp and post-mark. With eager fingers, she tore it open, read its contents, and with a sigh placed it within its cover. The second letter was from the Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of the South of England, and the third bore the legend across its face, "An Salvation Army Service"—this she opened last, and took from it a card, a letter, and a small, red leather card. As she did so, another smile of pleasure filled over her face, the card was an R. A. Auxiliary card, and the letter was from Agnes L. Mayburne had been duly entered as an Auxiliary member of the Salvation Army, and was accompanied by a small pin, surmounted by a very small letter "S," to be worn by the member, as an open avowal of love and sympathy with the aims and objects of the Salvation Army, and comfort to the very pleasurable feelings that our heroine fastened it into her dress on that afternoon.

Miss Mayburne was a Christian. When I say Christian, I do not wish you to understand that she was one of a large class of people who subscribe to certain formalities and conform to the rules and usages of any particular sect or denomination, but who have never known real conversion, whose lives as a consequence, are such a mixture of the good and the bad, that they are not able to undermine the faith of mankind in Almighty God, and who, with their hypocrites that ever breathed. No! such an one was not the subject of our story. At the age of 14 Agnes had experienced God's great blessing of TRUE NEW LIFE. When, out of sheer love of Christ, a love that nothing in after years could chill or

"The Band played the opening song. 'It shall be done,' followed by prayer and more music.

Then came the great event of the evening—the wedding. The bride came in with her father. Then the bridesmaid, Sister Juliet Dull, with Mr. Oliver, best man, explained it very well; then Adjutant Clark took hold, and the bridal party stood forward and took upon themselves the vows of being true to each other, to the bride and the Salvation Army; the ring was placed on the bride's finger, and Adjutant Clark pronounced them man and wife in the name of God and the Salvation Army. Adjutant Phillips called on the bride's mother, Mrs. Kelly, who spoke well, and said she had gained, not lost. Then we had a concerting solo from Mr. Oliver, the best man. He played beautifully, and got an encore. The bride's father spoke very well, and after the bride and groom—"Our Life's Ocean."

The newly-married couple sat down to the wedding supper with the crowd until ten o'clock, when they took the steamer, which waited two hours for them—for the Sound.

There was an evergreen arch over the platform, from which was suspended a bell. The hall was decorated with flags of every description, and behind the platform was a banner with "God bless the bride and bridegroom!" painted by one of the land-boys. We had a splendid band present, and the Bandmaster, Mr. Townsend, So, dear Editor, your A. E. R. has gone. I am safe in saying you can depend upon A. E. Townsend as much as you could on A. E. R. God bless Brother and Sister Townsend!

The arch still remains, and another wedding comes on Saturday.

The "Colonist" and "Times" contained lengthy reports of the wedding, which was the first performed under the arch.

M. L.

Do not go about the service of God as if next week will do.

If you are acquainted with happiness, introduce him to your neighbor.

Do not let it be all work and no prayer. Have a personal Christ with you.

talked of the war and its claims, "as the messages sent to me from the dear patients in the Home for Incurables, they were so loving and sympathetic." You, who are a loving and sympathetic, the patient, then, in the memory of Miss Booth's visit some time ago, and of sympathy expressed to the League of Mercy workers, during the illness, has been of the sincerest kind. God bless them and our Commissioner, whose heart beats in deepest sympathy with all their needs, and anxious to relieve their burdens.

We had a delightful little Council a few nights ago, with the members of the Territorial League of Mercy. Gaskin reported many victories achieved in the early during the first three months of '97. The wives of the Territorial Headquarters staff, whom I had the honor to meet, several of whom were at the Council, besides Mrs. Gaskin, Mr. Staff-Captain Rawlings and Mrs. Staff-Captain Horn, who took part in the meeting.

All the members are in good spirits and full of faith for greater victories in the future. Even I, a poor little creature, spoke to the Council on "Sympathy," also singing a solo.

I was delighted last evening to take a meeting once more in the Mercer. Mrs. Rawlings, who is in charge of the work in this institution, has been having some good times, and I was glad to see some who testified in our meeting to having sought and found Salvation.

From many corners of the field comes news of blessing received through the efforts put forth by the League.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Hargreaves writes from a house in London, and says by the reports that we visit the Hospital for the Industry, Jail and Infants' Home. We have only been able to go to the latter one.

There are generally a few unfortunate girls in this Home, so I got permission to visit to get hold of them.

God is blessing us in this very beautiful work. We are all feeling greatly encouraged by the enthusiastic work we are welcomed into these institutions, both by the officials and inmates.

From the Sunny Pacific, Mrs. Friedrick, who has taken a deep interest in the League, and having some beautiful victories, writes:

"I thought I must drop you a few lines about the League of Mercy. We have had the meeting of the early every Sunday since we were here, and they seem to enjoy them as much as ever.

From the Chinaman (murderer) Charlie, was sent me last Sunday, and wanted a Chinese War Cry. I am getting one for him."

Extract from later letter: "I received your welcome letter, and will now be able to attend more fully to the work of the League in the different Corps where it is possible for it to be established. We are having very successful meetings in the Jail, and on Sunday last had one conversion. Praise God!"

"They still seem to get on with delight, and the only thing which I regret is that we cannot arrange to see them all while we speak and sing. Under the best of circumstances, we have to do the best we can. The Morphin fiend has changed wonderfully in his ideas of Christianity. He tried to make me believe he was an infidel at first. We have got him to read the Bible now."

"I am enclosing you the report for Spokane for one month, and hope to be able to report greater success in the future."

Adjutant Clarke sends an interesting account of the work which is being carried on in Victoria, B. C. "We held a meeting every alternate Sunday at the Jail, usually led by the Officer in charge, assisted by the Band, and the result of which the meeting is not held, the Jail is visited and 'Crys' distributed by Harry Davis, and the 'Crys' (the Ward) is visited and Crys taken by the Band."

"Richard Bromell visits and takes Crys to the Old Men's Home every Sunday of the Territorial Corps, and the work is held by the Lieutenant of the Corps."

"So I suppose our three Brothers should be properly recognized as League of Mercy members. I will try and get a Sister to visit the Women's Ward of the Hospital."

I may just say that Brothers are eligible for membership in this branch of work, in visiting the Prisons and Hospitals.

An Salvationist who regularly visits prisons, hospitals, poor houses or other public institutions who do not report to the Territorial Corps, and who do not write to us, we shall be pleased to supply them with forms, as we should like to encourage all efforts put forth on this line.

WOULD you like Jesus to hear all you say and know all you think?

COURAGE! patience! poor disconsolate soul: God is making a furrow in your heart where He will surely sow His grace.



Bandmaster Townsend and War Cry Correspondent Annie Kelly, Married at Victoria, B.C.

VICTORIA TERRITORIAL League of Mercy Notes.

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

Marriage of Sergt. A. E. Kelly and Bandmaster Townsend.

IN SPITE of wind and rain we looked forward to having a good time on Thursday evening, the night of the Banquet and Wedding. Every one was busy. What with gathering in the cake, cutting it, no time was lost in Army circles, and even the outsiders took the fever; everywhere one went people wanted to know what it was, and how it was done, was it legal? would we have a minister? They had to come and see, and they did come. We began from five till seven o'clock, and also after the wedding. The large hall began to fill at seven o'clock; at eight o'clock there was not standing room.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER takes a deep interest in this branch of work. She has thought much of the sorrows of those who are languishing behind prison bars, and the suffering of the many who are lying upon beds of pain in the Hospital wards, and the homes of the poor.

During the time our dear Leader has been called to pass through so much suffering herself, her heart has been filled with desires and plans to alleviate the sufferings of others, and bring cheer and comfort to the thousands in our land who are laid aside from the active battles of life. Doubtless in due time these plans will have these plans unfolded to them.

"Nothing has cheered my heart so much," said the Field Commissioner a few days ago, as in her darkened room she

WAR CRY

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

DO ILL EFFECTS, we are glad to announce, have resulted from our Leader's brave re-commencement of his public work on a recent Friday and Sunday, and we may now consider that the Field Commissioner has the reins again. Hallelujah! Spur up, everybody! The Field Commissioner is announced for another day's Campaign at the Temple and also for a big demonstration at the famous "Pavilion" on the 28th in connection with the Territorial Enrolment, which will be done for Toronto by the Field Commissioner. Our faith runs high for a mighty time.

THE GREAT ENLISTMENT.

WE are most happy this week to present our Comrades and readers with a message from the Field Commissioner about the greatest event of the fight on the field. (See page 7.) The Commissioner's conviction of a territorially-wide enrolment, when up and down the length and breadth of the land at one particular time the Recruits of the past months would publicly array themselves on the side of God and beneath the colors of this fighting Army, is a grand one. It must inspire those who on April 28th take their stand in the ranks to feel that they are not alone in their grand endeavor, but that hundreds of others, linked to them by the ties of Christian brotherhood and Army comradeship, are at the same moment as themselves stepping forward to share in the same brave fight. We trust that the spirit of true Soldierhood may be instilled by God the Holy Ghost into the heart of every newly-enrolled Comrade, so that each one shall become in his turn, a Hallelujah Recruiting Sergeant, enlisting continually other like spirits who shall again, in their turn, bring in others, and so the forces of this Army be built up into that numerical strength which will enable us to grapple more completely with the forces of evil, and by God's grace hurl the devil from his throne.

OUR NEW AMERICAN.

WE CONGRATULATE our American Comrades on the latest acquisition to their ranks. May Herbert Lincoln Booth-Tucker grow up to be a burning and a shining light, a Lincoln in the cause of God and humanity.

AGNES MAYBURN.

WE HEARTILY COMMEND the new Serial, "Agnes Mayburn," to our readers. The life-story of this saint has valuable lessons, and must, we fear, bring a blessing to thousands. It will be found especially useful to those who have doubts as to their duty towards the Army.

A CONGREGATIONAL VERDICT ON THE ARMY.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CLUB, of the Congregational Church, Woodville, Ont., is evidently well-fair-minded and up to the times, and the Salvation Army, as usual, when it gets an unprejudiced hearing, won the day. Captain Frink is to be congratulated on her presentation of the Army's "best points."

"HARD GRAFT" RELIGION.

A BOFT-HANDED religion which faints at the prospect of what the average workman designates "hard graft" is at a discount these practical days, and even Joe Elliott has demonstrated himself to be an up-to-date Salvationist in his recent "set-to" at converting the old butcher's store into the Army's Hair.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SOUTHWALL'S DRAMATIC ARTICLE.

"THE DEVIL'S AUCTION" is a rousing write-up on an important subject. The article is well worthy the attention of all our readers, and Field Officers especially may find in it the germ of an idea for devising into a useful service, of an attractive and soul-saving nature. We should not be surprised, too, if some of our readers do not want to know why the St. Catharines man was hiding his light under a bushel so long, when the War Cry would have afforded an unparalleled scope for his talents. It is contained in "The Devil's Auction."

THE EAST PROGRESSERS.

HIS EASTERN Provincial Officer, Major Pugmire, is to be congratulated on the advances the East is making, as published in this is-

ue. As the War Cry hinted at the Major's inception, although there is little in the way of new territory to be acquired, a great work was open to be done in the way of maintaining and increasing the spiritual and numerical strength of the Eastern forces, and developing their fighting qualities. This Major Pugmire is, by God's blessing, accomplishing. May success continue to crown his efforts, and those of the brave band he leads on to war.

OUR WAR CRY BOOMERS.

THE WORK being done by Comrade Jennie Bloss (see Correspondence Clippings) and the other War Cry Boomers of the Territory we took upon us unhesitatingly in true worth and nobility. The War Cry is an arsenal of Gospel ammunition of the holiest character, and explodes its bombshells of truth wherever it is deposited. To the War Cry Boomers is very largely due the work of placing the War Cry in the places where it is particularly needed, and we feel that for this department of Salvation warfare, which is so fully in line with His great Salvation purposes towards the world, our great Saviour King will give His special blessing both here and hereafter. God-speed our Boomers!

"IT WAS ALL TRUE."

HERE is a strange and significant scene in the witness which was born by a man engaged in the liquor traffic on the occasion of the Drunkard's Home portrayal in Senfort. An object lesson of the fruits of the traf-

fic and righteousness, he is not really far, nor as far, as the modern Pharisee and appearances of religion, has a heart and life filled only with selfishness and self-righteousness. God save our brothers in the saloon business!

STAFF-CAPTAIN COWAN.

Our esteemed and faithful Comrade, Staff-Captain Cowan has, thank God, recovered from his illness. She writes: "I would like if you would kindly think (through the War Cry) all the dear Comrades who have prayed for me, and tell them the Lord has answered their prayers and in a measure restored me. I am coming back to the fight from this sick room more entirely lost in Him, with a sweeter communion with Him, more love for God's Word, and a deeper determination that every moment shall be spent in helping poor sinners to come to Him. It is wonderful how He has raised me up this time, as two out of the three doctors did not think I should ever be around again; but 'Nothing is too hard for the Lord.' Bless His Glorious Name!"

THE FIGHTING EDITOR AT BARRIE.

The Barrie Braves were reinforced on Easter Saturday and Sunday by the Editor of the War Cry. Thrill had a high day. The hall was well filled in the afternoon and evening, and the rally of Soldiers was excellent, so also were the finances. Adjutant Hughes considers that there was a third increase all round. A feature in the Barrie meetings was the fine singing of some of the boys; they

Good Friday in Toronto.

Major Complin Conducts a United "Two Hours at the Cross."

Toronto had just a glorious Good Friday. In the afternoon a splendid allied rally of troops from all over the City took place headed by the officers of the respective Corps. At night meetings were held in each Barracks. The afternoon "Two Hours at the Cross" was led by Major Complin, assisted by Staff-Captain Ainslie, Adjutants Atkinson, Ryan, and signers Yerec, Cameron, Kenning and many others. It was a glorious meeting, and ran off well. The hall was full of men, hours being filled up with glorious Salvation manoeuvres. Dr. Holmson, a well-known attendant at the Temple, visited a young lady to Christ as a full Saviour, and at about five o'clock an elderly man was led to the penitential-form by a Soldier. A general consecration concluded the meeting.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

All-Round Advances.

The war is booming in the East. In nearly every District increases have been made during March. Comparing March with February, the following increases have been made:

Number of prisoners, 192.
Soldiers in Barracks, 19.
Net increase of Soldiers, 25.
Net increase of Junior Soldiers, 71.
Number Junior Soldier Companies, 113 for whole month.
Average per week, 25.
Attendance at Company meetings, 529; increase for whole month, average of 120 per week.
Band of Free attendance, 52 for whole month, an average of 120 per week.
Band of Love members increased 120.
J. S. PUGMIRE, Provincial Officer.

MAJOR COLLIER AT RAT PORTAGE.

Saved in the Afternoon and on the March at Night.

Major Collier has just spent a week-end at Rat Portage. He was late getting in on Saturday night owing to the late train, but found the Barracks crowded with a Blood and Fire meeting going on inside. This was being led by Lieutenant Jackson, as the Captain had gone to meet the train. After a few more testimonies, the Major read the lesson and the meeting was brought to a close. There was a good turnout for knee-drill and also for the Holiness meeting. At this latter one young man sought the blessing of a clean heart.

A tremendous crowd of people stood around the open-air at both the afternoon and night meeting, and a good crowd came inside. Especially was this so at night, as the place was packed to the door. In the afternoon meeting one young man volunteered for Salvation and was on the march and at the indoor meeting at night another came to the penitential-form in the night meeting.

The Major also led a Soldiers' meeting and spoke briefly on the importance of both Soldiers and young recruits standing to their post and doing all they could for the Salvation of others.

There is a great work going on both here and at the Outpost, and numbers are waiting to be enrolled as Salvationists at the "Siege Enrolment." God has very signally blessed the efforts of the present Officers in every way, and they are going on to victory.

T. H. C.

Winnipeggers Wed.

The Salvation Army hall here was looking fresh and clean, the result of an onslaught by painting, followed by a complement of scrubbing brushes, coupled with an unlimited supply of the liquor which intoxicated not, presumably applied by the paintmen for the evening. In our midst—on Monday the usual spectacle of a Hallelujah wedding was witnessed by over 500 people. Major Collier led the service for the ceremony, which bound him to Amy Betherington and the hall was pervaded with enthusiasm and with a jingle and crash a pair of glass fell, shattering the entire party, the result of—How would you like to kiss the missis in view of 500 people—Tuesday very successful and happy. The officers and otherwise rejoiced the hearts of the Officers in charge. The arrangements were presided over by Captain Habkirk, late of the Typographical Union here, "People's Voice," Winnipeg.

LOVE in the life softens the features and gives them a warmth like the gentle beauty of spring flowers.



The Dogs of War Let Loose.—Pacific Coast Cry.
War Declared between Greece and Turkey Sunday, 18th April, '02.—Vide Daily Press

fic, in the destruction of all that is sacred in the homes of the nation, was presented to this individual amongst others in the audience. His verdict was, "It is all true, and could not have been any better." He also added,—for no doubt conscience had been aroused—"I wish I was out of the business." God grant that he soon may be. The Old Book says: "Voe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!" and truly the money made in the drink business is not really worth a cent a bushel; instead, without number could be cited where it has proved a bane and a curse to its possessors. We cannot refrain, too, from adding a word about the saloon-keeper, whom we pity from our very heart. The eyes of many of them are closed, more or less, to the iniquitous nature of the business they are in. They do not see those things with the opened eyes of a Salvationist filled with the ideal of the brotherhood of man, and even where they do they are no wiser than the Christian voters of this country who besmirch their conscience on election day, when they vote so as to retain instead of abolishing the evil. The saloon-keeper has a never-dying soul to save and it is for the sky, and it seems as if the Salvationist, filled with the compassion of Christ, is appointed the work of reaching and saving that redeemed but lost soul. Pay off as he may be from

can put in the tenor and bass in melodious style, and will be all ready for Salvation service when once they have been to the Cross. Christ and the Resurrection are the subject of all night, all present felt the power of God through the day, but we regret to say that no one came forward to the penitential-form.

OWEN SOUND VISITED BY THE CENTRAL PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

MAJOR and MRS. HOWELL fought for Jesus at Owen Sound on Easter Saturday. Attendance splendid; Soldiers rallied well; collections about trebled; three saved. The little son of Brother and Sister Clark was dedicated in the afternoon. Captain Bowers and Lieutenant are getting along well.

HAMILTON HAPPENINGS.

(Specinl).

Visit of Major Read, Ensign Shea and Don Florence for Good Friday and Easter Sunday. Extraordinary demonstrations of resurrection power and glory. Forty-two at Knee-drill, with two at the Cross; total of eight for Campaign. Junior Soldiers' Annual Address. Love or Hate?—Gospelized. Funeral of Mrs. Stonehouse and Easter lunch and Musical meeting Monday. Shelter doing well.

The Salvation Army in Germany.

The General's Marvellous Campaign—
Hundreds of Souls Seeking the
Saviour.

(Cable to the British War Cry).

OUR King has triumphed gloriously. The Campaign has been one of unbroken victory! Magnificent times at Koblentz. 120 souls in three meetings. Total for week, 323. The opportunities unparalleled. Glory to God in the highest! The General's Health is good. **THY—LAWLEY.**

NOTE.—Two years ago there were in Germany 500 Soldiers and Recruits. Today there are 1,032.
Then, 52 Officers and Cadets; to-day, 150.
Then, 18 Corps; to-day, 51.
Then the circulation of the War Cry was 6,000 per week; to-day the circulation is 16,000 per week.
Commissioner McKie hopes to have twenty more Corps at work by July.

JAMAICAN ADVANCES.

MAJOR HOLPE, the Jamaican Commander-in-Chief, in celebrating the third anniversary of his advent to Jamaica recently, reported an increase during that time of 99 Officers, 25 Corps, and 380 Soldiers. There is also said to be a steady improvement in the Army work all round.

SOUTH AFRICAN SOCIAL FARM.

Interesting Statistics.

At the end of January, 29 men were in the Home; during the month of February, 25 fresh cases entered, and 24 left, leaving 30 still in the Home.

Went to work, 12; sent to friends, 1; left to seek work, 5; dismissed, 1; casually treated, 2.

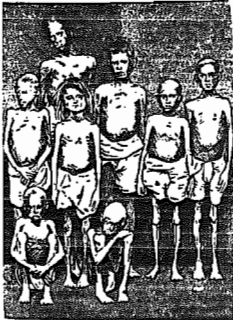
During the month 3,600 meals have been served, and over 1,000 beds have been occupied.

One of the last cases that passed into the Home is a man with two wooden legs. He walked from Natal, a distance of about 1,000 miles. It took him nearly five months. His wooden legs were worn down to the stumps at his knees by the time he reached the Farm.

RECENT FAMINE NEWS FROM INDIA.

3,500 Systematically Assisted—Five Tons of Grain Distributed Weekly.

COLONEL HULLIARD, in a recent despatch from the seat of famine-ravaged India says: "We have now five different relief works. 114 men, women and children are employed levelling land at Bareilly; fifteen building Barracks at Dumak, and 21 on Officers' quarters at Seho. This, in addition to 120 who are employed on the tank work at the Farm Colony, and at Maktapur and Jeetpur. Quite a number of other works are projected. We have opened thirteen grain depots, over 2,500 persons are being systematically assisted. Five tons of grain are being distributed weekly. We have over 200 famine children in our care, some



are too weak to stand, their legs and arms are just like thin bamboos; they have the usual swollen stomachs—a characteristic of famine children. The poor little things are simply ravenous, and we have to feed them very carefully. In the train coming to Poona, a passenger gave one of them a chappati (bread) the others at once pounced upon the lad, who

The Field Commissioner's WORDS OF WELCOME To Her Soldiers Old and New.

(To be read publicly by the Commanding Officer in every Enrolment Meeting held on April 29th.)

MY DEAR COMRADES:—

There has never been an occasion when I desired more strongly that all intervening distances could be bridged, and that I could meet all my soldiers in one great band and under one roof. But this is impossible, and after all when hearts are firmly knit in one purpose, what matter the miles that divide or the different scenes and circumstances under which our one Enrolment will take place. In spirit I travel the space between us, and through the columns of our War Cry I send you each individually a message from my heart.

First, let me say to my long-tried and proved soldiery that reports have reached me of how you have toiled and sacrificed—often the contest asking that you should take your stand as the brave against a tide of opposing circumstances—and of how you have triumphed by virtue of unwavering faith in God and the fulfilment of a soldier's whole duty to his Flag, ever keeping your eye fixed upon the goal—the salvation of more sinners and the enlistment of more soldiers.

Now this night together we rejoice over vanquished foes and unquestionable victory. Our efforts are rewarded by an increased and stimulated soldiery, by more sinners redeemed, by a greater number of tongues to praise Him—of hearts to serve Him—of lives in which to do His will on earth as the angels do it in Heaven. And while giving Him all the glory for every sinner brought to the Blood and every warrior enlisted for the battle, I want to say to each loyal-hearted soldier of the Cross and Colors that for the brave and steadfast stand which you have taken during the period of the Siege you have become increasingly dear to myself, who has given the whole passion of my heart, and every moment of my life, to the world-wide battle of the Flag against sin and sorrow.

But upon this occasion I want more especially to speak to those who have this day entered a position which will declare them the children of the Lord, and call them to contend in war against sin and the powers of evil in every shape and form—the all-important position of a soldier of Jesus Christ.

As I think of you standing 'neath the waves of our Blood-and-Fire banner, making those sacrifices which it asks in its interests, my heart swells with tender compassion towards you, and my soul is filled with prayer. I stretch my spirit's hands towards Heaven and plead its guiding, protecting, strengthening blessing down upon you.

Some of you are new-born children of grace. As a thick cloud He has blotted out your transgressions and planted your feet in the ways of truth, and now leaving that which is behind, you press on to what is before with the promise of all-sufficient grace and undying love that will never leave nor forsake you. Temptations will come—sometimes strong, and thick, and fast—there will be the enemies of God and truth to daily face and rivers of tribulation to cross; but if you will keep seeking first His interests and unceasingly watch and pray, none of these things need move you, but rather help fit you for the blessing of others and the winning of a starry crown. Let me remind you that you are as yet infants in the Kingdom—each day will bring further light, and each day you must seek new grace to follow it. Do not be discouraged or despair if you have some heavy battles against yourself and even sin—God is your Father and you love and fear Him, and like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," and all the regiments of Heaven are yours to help you fight your way towards its gates. Again, when in trial and difficulty and sorely tempted, I would ask you to remember that in becoming a soldier in the Salvation Army you stand in ranks numbering hundreds of thousands of God-fearing and God-honoring men and women whose love and prayers and faith are given to you and that you are found under the Flag which is waving to the glory of God all round the world, while your feet—though trembling in their spiritual infancy—now tramp in the heavy march of the troops who, counting not their own lives dear unto them, are ever pushing on, carrying the light and hope of God's salvation to the lowest, poorest, most down-trodden and dark.

Some of you have longer known God and the power of His salvation, but you have lately been awakened to the obligations which your own Blood-washed spirit owes to the cause of Christ and the souls of others, and to-night in harmony with such convictions you step to the front and take upon yourself a mark which will declare you in the eye of the world as a soldier of the Blood-stained banner of Calvary. I do not think of you as taking this step hastily, but rather as giving it much thought and prayer. God has let you see the millions that are dying—how you must help rescue them—help by your dress, help by your words, and help by every action of your life. Do not be discouraged because you are not a perfect soldier at the commencement of your career—do not think that your Commissioner or your commanding officer expects it of you, but by the abundant grace of God and the military training which your connection with the Army will give you, you will become more and more fitted to deal with the foes of Heaven and fight the good fight of faith day by day.

Hold unflinchingly to that which is good. Press on. Look not back. Keep your eye upon Calvary. Love Jesus best. Put the interests of His Kingdom first. Remember God's great strength. Use every opportunity to stem the tide of evil. Do your utmost to get sinners converted. Be loyal to the Flag. Be true to your General. Love and help your comrades. Stand fast in the faith, and God will see you through more than victorious by the Blood of the Lamb.

Your affectionate Commissioner praying for you,

EVANGELINE BOOTH,

Field Commissioner.

rot down on the floor to protect it; but they took all from him except the piece he was holding in his hand, which he forced down his throat without chewing. This forced the blood from his nose. About two minutes afterwards the poor fellow vomited it back again covered with blood, but in his desperate hunger he forced it back again into his mouth. Some of these could not have lived many days longer, but thank God they are now in our charge."

GREAT FLOODS OUT WEST.

Major Bennett Tons Through Manitoba and the North-West Territories—Barrenness Flooded Away—People Escaped Through Second Storey Windows—General Joinings.

I HAVE JUST ARRIVED HOME after a three weeks' trip through part of Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The following Corps were visited: Portage La Prairie, Brandon, Virden, Moosomin, Moose Jaw, Regina, and Prince Albert. I saw the following officers and men: Captains Hayes, Perkins, Mitchell, Burns, Gibbs, Iredale, Jarvis, Lieutenants Nicol, Beaumont, Collins, Smith and Hall; also Eugene Thomas, a private. Hayes, all of whom are doing well spiritually and temporally. The meetings were well attended, the Soldiers were in good fighting spirit, and worked well. Finally it was good. Many of these Corps have got a large number ready for the great Siege Enrolment, and we are all looking forward to a tremendous down on the 29th.

On the above trip I travelled nearly fifteen hundred miles, and spent over sixty hours on the cars, and arrived back in Winnipeg without my bones broken.

Cadet Stubbs farewell at Winnipeg Corps on Sunday. She has been promoted to Sergeant. Hayes, an assistant Ensign Thomas, District Officer.

Adjutant Gale, the worthy District Officer of Fargo District, writes that they are all flooded, and that boats are used in the streets. The old hall that we used at Fargo up to within one month ago has floated off its foundation, and is now lying on its side, so that the old hall is in good time. The boat that Adjutant Gale travels the streets of the flooded city of Fargo with is called the "Flooded Lake." The cause of the flood is the Red River—the Nile of the North-West—cannot carry off the water which has been left behind after the snows and so many blizzards. In spite of floods and the mud, the Fargo warriors—who are not easily daunted—have had one of the best meetings recorded in the West, and the last news is that the waters are going down.

News to hand from Adjutant MacNabara this morning, Monday, says their hall is covered with water, and they have not been able to use it since Friday on account of the flood. The Grand Forks City Council kindly allowed the Officers to have the use of the City Hall for their meetings on Sunday. We do not know when we shall be able to use our own hall, as a great part of Grand Forks and East Grand Forks is under water, and some houses have floated into the river, while many of the streets are under water. The taken out of the second story windows by boats to save them from drowning.

So far, in Winnipeg we have had no flood, but the stores have been instructed to clear their cellars and be in readiness.

Great preparations are being made for the Junior Soldier Annual all over the Province. What excitement! Practice after practice, meeting after meeting, and a great parade in the city yesterday, the greatest event of the year,—and then the prizes to be given to the Juniors on Monday—what a time we shall have!

There are rumors of a large farewell amongst the Field Officers shortly, but keep believing for daylight on the same. 'Tis the X-rays are no good on this.

Our new openings are doing well; great crowds and souls are reported; our prospects are good.

Captain Bragan has arrived, and is holding on at Selkirk for two weeks while Captain Guiney is on furlough. Captain Alford reports that two souls were saved by the Ship yesterday, and says they have had souls every week for weeks now. This is glorious. Keep it up, Captain! H. B.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—On Sunday morning, twenty-nine met at 7 a. m. kneel. Five surrendered their all in the Holiness meeting, and two sought pardon in the afternoon, and one at night, making thirty souls in the last twelve weeks. Sin, McDonald, Captain.

[OUR SERIAL.]

THE

THE LIFE OF EDWARD RICKETT

OF THE

The World's Champion Sculler, now a
Blood-and-Fire Salvationist.

The ways of sin invariably bring wretchedness and woe. The joys that I experienced in my hours of triumph were simply nothing compared to the anguish I felt on my defeat. But, thank God,

Salvation Brings Joy;

without alloy.

A fortnight after my race with Haslan, I had been matched to row a William Ross, so I had to pull myself together to row him. But ill-luck seemed to follow me. I fell sick, and could not sleep at night. Heavy perspirations would break out over me, and as the time drew near to row William Ross, I was more fit to be in my bed with the doctor than in the boat. However, I had a big heart and wouldn't say die, but when the race day came I went for the water. Everything was against me—mild ebullition and everything else. In fact, so little interest was taken in the race, everybody thinking that it would be only a walk over for Ross, that there were only two steamers on the river, and they loaded principally with passengers, principals and bookies. As the race was the last straight, and, at a signal, started. As was expected, Ross took the lead, going right away from me, everybody thinking the race was over. At the first mile he led by three lengths clear.

I Felt Wretchedly Bad,

but hearing some words of encouragement from my trainer, and a call for a dozen, I responded as well as I was weak might. I would have said, "I have given the dozen—which means a long and arduous stroke—Kelly said, 'Have a look at him.' I did so, and saw at once that he was also doing a long and arduous stroke. I said to myself, 'Now, give him another dozen.' I said my trainer, I did so. Although they were only poor, I could see that they brought me nearer to him. I saw that the people on the steamer began cheering me, which heartened me up very much. My trainer kept calling for dozens, and I responded as well as I could, and now, by slightly looking over my shoulder, I could see the boat.

Slowing Coming Back.

At Hammersmith Bridge I was almost level with him, but, in order to prevent my passing him, ran me over against the pontoon, so that I had to cease rowing. This gave him two lengths' advantage. But my spirits were coming back, and I soon caught him up, and would have passed him, but, to prevent this, he came out of his boat and suddenly stopped rowing, and fouled me. This was taken notice of by the spectators. This collision gave him another couple of lengths, but my trainer told me on, and I went after him with all my might, and again began to close up. When he saw this he decided to row across the river and nearly carried me across to the bank, but I kept worrying on, and at the end of three miles began to draw away from him. Then I won the race, first by a blow, and I can tell you it was a relief. I rode gently to the finish, winning the race by six lengths, and feeling sure that I had won the race, first by the foul, and secondly by coming in first.

However, when Ross came in, he entered a protest against me for fouling him, and, strange to say, the umpire entertained it. I found out afterwards that he was greatly vexed in Ross, so that I could not under any consideration win—and he decided it no race, and that we were to row again in a week's time.

My trainer made me a good deal of money in my bed most of the time with the doctor attending me. The result was that I got badly beaten. This ended my rowing for some time.

I went to America after this, and met with varying success, but on the whole did pretty well. When I received a letter from a friend in England informing me that another race between myself and Haslan had been arranged. This was in January 1882. I got to London and went in for training at once. Public opinion was great on Haslan, and it was right, for in the race Haslan beat me somewhat easily. After this I made up my mind to go home to Australia. I went home, and was met by a few friends; it was a marked contrast to my home-coming after the previous occasion when I came a conqueror, now a defeated man. The world soon throws up its friends upon whom the sun of Fortune does not shine.

I continued to row and boat in Australia for some time, and instead of retrieving my misfortunes could not further into the matter. My friends entered into my family, and myself being laid up with typhoid fever for ten weeks, this was a great

Source of Worry

to me as the hotel business was not prospering at this time.



Salvation Officers Came to Visit me.

Then the great land boom burst, and disaster upon disaster followed, so that I was brought down to the condition of tucking hard work again, not having done any for eighteen years. I didn't mind this—it was a lot better than having a failing business hanging around one's neck. I should have been very glad if I could have come out clear of the business, but I had to leave it with a heavy debt attached to me, but made great efforts to pay this up, but was unable.

I went in for prospecting and mining, but did not do much with it. I had several very tempting things and worked heavily, thinking I should strike

A Good Thing.

This went on for a time. At last the bank from which I had borrowed money on my little property served me with a writ and took over my property, leaving me with £50. With my two mates I worked hard at developing a mine. I said, "For seven months I toiled, but at last I had to throw it up as a blank and I was penniless. This riled me terrible, and at times I would curse and swear to relieve my feelings until I used to get alarmed at my own profanity.

Mining was quite at a discount—no one had money would lend it on mine—so I had to turn to something else. I went to Sydney and tried to get work. I was strong and well able to work, and thought I should have no difficulty, but I did experience great difficulty. I knew most of the members of

The Government.

so I went to them and stated my case, telling them how I was willing to go anywhere and do anything, as my wife and family were in great need. I saw Sir George Dibbs, but he said the Government were in for retrenchment, and that, instead of taking on men, they were discharging them.

Things got blacker and blacker. I got more and more troubled about my home and family. I could not find employment to earn bread for them.

My condition was a dreadful one; my children were crying for bread, and the shop at which I had spent hundreds of pounds, and didn't owe anything, wouldn't give me credit for a penny if a friendly Chinaman had not come to our assistance and given us credit. I don't know what we should have done.

I was suffering at the time with a growth on my body, and had to go to a

hospital to have an operation performed. One day, while lying on my bed,

A Salvation Army Officer

came to see me. She talked to me about the salvation of my soul in a fashion I had not been accustomed to. I was very dark about the things of God, and could not understand what getting saved meant. I got a very clear idea, though, before I came out, although I did not get saved.

When I came out of the hospital I still sought in vain for work, and oftentimes I seriously contemplated committing suicide, and if it hadn't been for my little ones I seriously believe I should have done so; but while in this condition I attended one day an open-air meeting, when God spoke to my soul. I became deeply convicted of sin. I attended the meetings several times, and at last one night, in my home, cried to God for mercy. God heard my cry, and saved my soul. This was the beginning of a new life for me. God gave me such a peace of soul that, although my temporal trials were as great as ever, I no longer thought of weeping them by self-destruction, but I cast my care upon the Lord, and He sustained me. I still had my doubts, but God gave me strength to bear them.

One Sunday morning, at the holiness meeting at the Second Corps, God gave me such a burning blessing that I decided that the Army should be my people.

My Conversion

Made a great deal of noise at one place where I was announced to speak. The Press was there in full force. "The Daily Telegraph" had about a column of my speech, with a picture of myself. "The Bulletin," "The Irish of Freedom," "The Star," and others, had copious notes and comments, while my friends were very noisy, and plied me greatly, thinking and saying that my trouble had driven me silly.

Silly, perhaps. In the eyes of the world, I was a great man. I was a unit. Salvation, and although, after my becoming a Salvationist I was not altogether free from trouble, thank God, He stood by me. I got a Government situation, which I still hold. I am enabled to earn a comfortable living for my family, and have time to spend in the service of God and the Army as a good Salvationist. I am praying to God to keep true till death. My experience of Salvation is such that I urge every one who has read my story to become a Salvationist also.

[The End.]

in that city, and makes an appeal for assistance.

Adjutant McLean, of Hamilton I, has been up to Toronto, to the War Cry Brigade of nearly fifteen Boomers. Hurrah for Mac!

The Editor says Ensign Barr's song to this tune, "Just tell them" in a recent issue of the War Cry, was a bit of a bar, one of the Ensign's old Corps.

The first Army convert in Hamilton (No. III. Corps of the Dominion) about fifteen years ago, sought victory over tobacco and decided to become a Soldier in Major Read's Easter Sunday Holiness meeting.

Headquarters Staff specialise the Easter week-end as follows, besides those mentioned elsewhere: Major and Mrs. Gaskin at Guelph; Major Read at Barrie and Orillia; Staff-Captain and Mrs. Smeaton at Richmond Street; Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ensign at St. John's; Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ensign at Dovercourt, and Sunday other lights at the Temple, all report glorious times. Hallelujah!

ARE you the Holy Ghost individual you ought to be, as God sees things?

No amount of external work, not the unassuming, universal heroism of a Vincent of Paul, can make up for the want of attention to your own soul.

THE SALVATION ARMY WENT TO CHURCH.

Sixth Anniversary of the Rescue Work in St. John, N.B.

THE SIXTH ANNIVERSARY of the Rescue Work in St. John, N. B., has recently been held in the German Street Baptist school-room, which was kindly placed at our disposal for the occasion.

All the Officers of the city, and a number of Soldiers, headed by the Guards' Brass Band, marched to the head of Kings Street, where the meeting was announced, after which we proceeded along the church, where the meeting was announced, which we boldly entered, big drum and all. The building was packed, about 20 being present. The meeting was ably handled by Major Fugmire, who opened the service with a song, which was readily taken up by the Band. Rev. Mr. Gates, pastor of the church, led in prayer. Sergeant Mrs. Lane read a paper, "The Fallen One," with guitar accompaniment.

The Major then called upon Mr. Gates who expressed his sympathy with this branch of the Army, which was readily taken up by the Band. Mr. Gates then, "I never pass by the Home on Elliott Row, but I thank God there is such a Home, and I never see Ensign Jost, nor his assistants, but I breathe a prayer to God on their behalf."

The Major gave an interesting address on the general work of the Army, especially dwelling on the Social work, after which he and Mrs. Fugmire sang a duet from the "Sin Chains Riven," which were well received.

Ensign Jost, the Matron of the Home, talked at some length, giving the statistics of the past year, and placing the work of the Army in connection with the Home. She explained her responsible position as MOTHER OF TWENTY-SIX, and asked for financial help.

Then the laundry badly needed," she said, "for not only Monday, but every day is washing-day with us, and we have only one small range for the boiler, a drop of iron, and pots and pans to cook the dinner, three or four wash-tubs, etc., and one kitchen for half-a-dozen girls. And we have the carriage-house in connection with the Home, which could easily be fitted up for a Laundry, and a Maternity Home and Nursery, which are badly needed, now for some substantial help. Canaries had been given at the door, a collection was taken up, and altogether we realized about \$30. The Major himself proposed to give considerable help.

Mr. Bullock, who donated the present beautiful Home to the Army, was called upon to speak. He said, "Not being accustomed to public speaking, I would not be standing before this crowd of people but in the interests of this grand and noble cause, I will speak. He talked in a plain, pointed manner, giving some incidents that had come under his notice of wretched cases of poor fallen ones. Mrs. Bullock, who sits on the platform, assisting us, had a seat on the platform. Rev. Dr. Pope, a Methodist minister, spoke in eulogistic terms of the "very noble and noble work of the people of a brother Methodist minister," whom he had known in days of yore, but who he had known in the better land. Staff-Captain Gage closed the meeting.

As a result of the meeting, two ladies have since called at the Home and were well received. One, an English woman, who lives in a country village, is going to collect for our work there.

Two gentlemen also mentioned their enjoyment of this service to the Captain, and promised her a barrel of apples, and "they will be good ones, all picked over."

And the end is not yet.

TOPSY.

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS.

Captain Thompson, Stewart Taylor and Cadet Higdon have been visiting Old Point, where they held a Banquet. An old, white-haired man repented on Sunday night.

TWILLINGATE reports sixty-two souls since they last reported—seven during the last week.

Fourteen souls at JACKSON'S COVE in the last week. They held a Banquet, which was a success.

ST. JOHN'S I. reports eight souls on Sunday, and the Memorial Service of Willie Collins, which was conducted by Ensign and Mrs. Miller, assisted by Ensign Payne.

LITTLE BAY—Had a banquet and a soup supper, at which Ensign Newman, Lieutenant Sainsbury, from Pollack, and Ensign and Mrs. Miller, from Harry's Harbor, took a prominent part.

TRITON reports four souls, two being prodigals. Everybody rot the glory in their feet, which caused a great sensation. So says Captain Shepherd.

ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

Rivers of Water and Mud—Sudden Death—Moscow Reached (but not burned)—Trials of a Saint—Midnight Retreat—Perils of Darkness—Above the Clouds—Back Again.

By STAFF-CAPTAIN SOUTHALL.

WERE I A victim of the gambling mania—so prevalent in this Western country—I would not mind risking a "nickel" on the statement that there are few people who experience such varied chances as Salvation Army Officers. And, perhaps, it may be added, few who make less use of what comes under their observation than the gallant men and women comprised in that distinguished class—(I fancy I can excited expressions of appreciation from the Editorial sanctum, attended with some gentle hint as to the advisability of wearing a cap that fits so admirably.) Well, for convenience sake, let that go. The point is—that it was arranged that Mrs. Southall and myself were to "do" some meetings at Moscow and Lewiston, Idaho. On our journey to the former place, floods—or the effects of them—were everywhere apparent, and it would be difficult to find a single half-drowned country than that we passed through, with a slow train, a cold car, a dull, dreary day, and monotonous scenery. The trip was a long, tedious and tedious enough. These dismal aspects were further enhanced by the knowledge of the

Remains of a Young Lady

lying in the express car, and now being taken back to the place from which she had left three weeks previously to study shorthand, etc., at the Spokane Business College. It was a relief to hear the old drum as the train pulled up at the station. Captain Hegan and his brave Soldiers were to receive us. The standing in studio on the sidewalk was (to me) a new tactic, and a good one. It was either a waste of courage or a triumph over the gauntlet of a Salvation testimony. We had a good crowd to the inside meeting, and an interesting and profitable time.

Sunday was a bleak, wet day, consequently the crowds were small, and together with a large, warm blanket and increased conditions that were calculated to ensure anything but interesting or profitable meetings. However, we made the most of the opportunity. Mrs. Southall assisting in no small measure with her songs and guitar accompaniment.

Musical Meeting and Coffee Social were the "specialties" for Monday night. Better crowd, more susceptible and appreciative than at any other time. We had an interesting program, followed by the bun strolling. Cold failures and other circumstances have caused a scarcity of meetings and social gatherings, but makes the fight peculiarly difficult in the Palouse country. Still, Captain Hegan is bent on seeing something accomplished for God, and the Salvation War.

LEWISTON was to have the next three days, but do not imagine we have so far developed—wonderful people as we are out here—as to possess

A "Flying Machine."

and got there as quickly as the thought was penned as above. Alas! no!—do not think so—for something very different is the real fact of the case. Listen—or, better perhaps, watch—our own countrymen, fortifying by keeping calm as the sweet partner of my life was carried away on the train to the frightful road. It is impossible for me to go (to Lewiston). Did not my patient ministrations (for which I am noted) manifest itself in waiting for the train to go (to Lewiston)?—Was not humble submission vividly portrayed as I threw myself down in the caboose of a freight train, and was escorted by a conductor because I had not got a permit? I will say no more, believing that no candid reader will ever see any more of me as a my mainly character for the citations of the above. I could say more—there are frightful roads for twelve miles—white men, white women, white gave Lieutenant Jublin something worse than exercise—but enough. We reached Lewiston alive about 7:45 p. m.

It should have been noted that the Station Agent at Pullman courteously entertained me with some useful information concerning typewriters—Lewiston has no office goes for anything. I think there is nothing to beat a No. 6 Blickenderfer typewriter for District Officers and Light Officers—especially for traveling, is light, cheap and durable. I mention this, as one of two Officers have spoken to me, and intend to get one for their office machine. I am not sure, but there was a gentle hint intended, as something

has been said of the difficulty of deciphering hieroglyphics; however, I leave it to the worthy by the way. A capable Judge, if I am not as near the perception of copper-plate as could be expected from any poor individual of this inundant plane.

But what about Lewiston? Yes, exactly, that's just what I was going to say. It was a lovely day, and the Corps on Tuesday and Thursday nights, and also at the Outpost on Wednesday night. Some

Good Cases of Conversation

have taken place recently. The townspeople see what the Army has done and believe in it.

Warrior as I am, the thought of the return journey to Uniontown did not inspire the enthusiasm that the imagination of adventure did in earlier days, but it was no use "kicking." Phew! Raining in torrents—dark as a dungeon—still must go! The horses were taken across the ferry last evening. The ferryman was to meet us at 3 a. m., and row us across. With characteristic meekness I already observed we thread our way down the shore of the Snake River. We hear the splash of oars, then a stentorian voice cries out of the darkness: "I can't come any more as the light is Jublin, lantern in hand, leads the way; for some yards we wade through the water, which made fun for itself by

Jumping Over Our Boot-Tops.

It required a little skillful engineering to get into the boat, and more of something else to sing "Hallelujah!" when we found a good place to land. River the boat, and sundry branches in your valise and a circuit round the tail of your overcoat. After sniffing with indignance, the "white" reached the opposite side. The old white nag looked suspiciously at the lantern, and seemed to "haver" (Chinese expression) another encounter with rivers of mud, which was apparent by the way she objected—though quite futile, of course, as Jublin meant business—to the bridge. "We're all right now!" says the Lieutenant. "Hope so!" I half muttered, which was as far as rain descending in torrent and impenetrable darkness could permit me to acquiesce. My hesitancy was rewarded, for we discovered, after some time, that we were not on the bridge, but on the bank, but one road, out on the switch-back principle, up the side of this awful mountain, it was more than interesting. Didn't feel disposed to take a fall—horses and all—for 200 or 300 feet. One wouldn't have minded it so much, perhaps, if it hadn't been raining so hard and I wasn't in a horse overcoat and rug. So the Lieutenant got out and made a survey of the horses had been sent to that position. It reminds you of flies walking up a perpendicular wall. I thought it well to wait a little while. We found we had taken a short cut, and one which is it not likely we would have taken in daylight. On at five miles—two hours. Here we are at the top. Have

Ascended 2,000 Feet

—so they say. I didn't measure it, as I was too tired to go to the trouble. Reached Uniontown in good time, and breathed a fervent "Thank God," as I took my seat in the car, and another when I found myself crowded out of the car. And that lovely boy—Bert!—and others.

Will give you a few more tips of Western life later on—if desired.

THE SOCIAL FARM.

A Hurdled Visit and a Hasty Inspection.

By J. R.

"Neighbors say that bit of rye under is the best around this part for milder," said the old man, as he pointed to a field of rye. "It is a good one. Of course the General Secretary chuckled with delight.

Captain Hild was up one of the apple-trees looking off dead branches. Just in like manner will dead spiritual limbs be chopped off.

"It is one of our own colts," said Major Gaskin, pointing to a rugged, strong, healthy-looking year-old. "Here is a pair of colts for sale for \$100.00," continued the Major. Then he noticed that the apple-trees had been carefully limed to kill the insect. Popping into the orchard, we found Captain Green

Busy at Butter Making.

The churn contained about thirteen lb. of beautifully rich butter, the cream having been got from some milk which had been kept in the refrigerator. The butter was in for some inspection. Sleek and clean they looked in their stalls, a

credit to those who tended them. Two little thorough Holstein calves frolicked about in one pen. Twenty-five cows occupied the summer pastures of fields, and their appearance went to show that they were well cared for. Ten contented, hard-working horses were in the barn, and we walked by them in their clean stable.

And then the dear little rabbits! This is a new departure, and the Governor hopes to make a number of rabbits cost very little for their keep. Old Charlie, the Colony blacksmith, pointed to a long horse, and said, "I make all those from old iron."

Turning a corner of the barn, we happened on a

Mr. Rogers, a County School Trustee.

He had just put six little pigs into his wagon, which he had bought. Said Mr. R. "It is not what church we belong to, but it is the principle, and in one corner was piled

"How can we explain all the sights of the pigery? There were the contented pigs with their tails sticking around them, many of these being already sold at \$2 each. These are pure Tamworth, and I have sold a few. There were 35 big hogs and 89 little ones. Quite a big family this—to say nothing of the inhabitants of the henery, numbering about 85.

In the spacious barn there is every convenience. Both steam and horse-power are used in cutting up of the straw, corn, hay and other feed, and in one corner was piled

Bushes upon Bushes of Oats

all ready for feeding purposes.

"George" came to the Farm over twelve months back, after a life of sin and utterly destitute. Now he is not only saved but happy, and is a member of the Agricultural Department, and is a most Godly and reliable man.

Is intended to take up the ground as follows: Pasture, 10 acres; corn, 15 acres; oats, 10 acres; barley, 15 acres; peas, 25 acres; wheat, 12 acres; corn, 45 acres; hay, 10 acres; and 10 acres of sundries, 22 acres—a total of 200 acres.

On the new Farm just acquired, there will be 15 acres hay, 25 pasture, 22 oats, 25 barley and 9 peas.

A Marvelous Week—End

AT ST. JOHN, N.B., III.

Major Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Gage Farewell for E. Canada.

SATURDAY NIGHT, Staff-Captain Gage and Ensign Adams commenced the attack; very fair meeting, good collection, but no visible results. Sunday morning, the front all day. Holiness Meeting, a fine crowd; good feeling in the meeting; God came very near, as one and another testified. Major Hild and Ensign Adams received the Holy Ghost since ye believed. A number felt their need of a deeper work of grace, though none yielded at the moment.

AFTERNOON, the people came, and they came, and they came until more than double the ordinary crowd filled the building. Extra seats were brought into requisition, and the juvenile portion of the congregation were ushered to the pentagon-form, music room, and above, wiser heads in the body of the hall. The platform was filled with soldiers. After a collection at the door, \$7.5 was taken up inside. The meeting was a good one in every sense of the word. The General's birthday was remembered, and the Commandant gave a fine address to the men, praying that he shall long be spared to see. The Major "propounded with great results" from the Scriptures, and we knew where I might find Him. One backslider, whose wife is a Soldier at No. 1 Corps, came and sought Jesus again.

Staff-Captain Gage talked until death stared every one in the face. Mrs. Ensign Adams, who was very old, and awful day. The Major followed up with, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire?" (The answer, whose husband is a Soldier,) came to Jesus to escape the everlasting burning.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, Adjutant Alkhead led an Officers' Council, and the Major and Staff-Captain had a little farewell tea with the Officers of the Corps.

AT NIGHT all the City Corps united: the Barracks was packed out. Major and Mrs. Pugmire and family, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Gage, and Ensign Adams, and the front (except the babies). Earnest and Berlio Pugmire, with navy blue suits and red dresses and hats, and Mrs. Pugmire, with red dresses and hats, sang, nearly together some action songs; others also sang a solo. "The Guards" Brass Band furnished good music. Mrs. Pugmire and Mrs. Gage spoke, after which the Major and Staff-Captain said a few words, and adjured every one to be faithful while they were away, and stand to their post. Ice-cream

was served at the close of the meeting, and altogether, Captain Carter and Calet took the Officers in charge, realized the extent of the work-week-end. This is excellent for No. 111.

Major and Staff-Captain sail for Bermuda on Thursday, the 25th inst., returning some time in May. They will hold monster welcome demonstrations there, as great preparations are being made for their "home-coming." They will have their aides. They go full of faith, expecting to see 100 or more souls converted to God. We shall ever pray for them. God bless them! We shall all miss them, more especially their wives and families who are left to mourn their loss for almost a whole year. We shall hope they may return to us from that sunny clime strong as plants, and more than ever prepared to pull down the strongholds of Satan.

T.O.S.Y.

CONTEMPORARY CLIPPINGS.

John L. Sullivan thinks a man can be a pugilist and a gentleman at the same time; but he does not cite any instances.—Great Falls "Leader."

"The Devil's Auction" comes to Spokane next week. He's not new at the business here, as some of your girls will have seen sold, body and soul at his own figure, in the last six months; and the sales will go on as long as no systematic effort is made by anybody to lead the people to look after the foolish misses of fifteen to nineteen years, who are to be found running the streets of this city every night in the year.—Spokane Chronicle.

Commander Booth-Tucker's New Recruit.

New York, April 14th.—"I'm happy to tell you of a new recruit who joined the Salvation Army to-day," said Commander Booth-Tucker, at his headquarters last evening. "He is the youngest Soldier in the Army, whose name is Herbert Lincoln Booth-Tucker, and he arrived in this world this morning. Blessed be the Lord!" Commander Booth-Tucker, who has been back from a tour of the United States, and this was a welcome meeting.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Salvation Army Lays Won.

Woodstock, Ont., has had a Congress of Religions, and we extract the following comments thereon from the "Sentinel-Review."

The closing meeting on Friday night of the Young Men's Club of the Congregational Church, to which all the denominations were invited, was a very happy one. A representative, whose duty it would be to set forth the "best things" of their particular denomination, was a marked success. The representatives were the Baptist, Episcopal, and the Roman Catholic. Those represented were the Methodist, Presbyterian, Salvation Army and Congregational. The Roman Catholic was well represented by Captain Frink. The Committee, after due deliberation, and after a lengthy and approving of the several speeches, at the same time decided from what had been said during the evening that the Captain of the Salvation Army should have the honor of addressing the others in placing much emphasis on the effort put forth by the Army to raise the fallen along physical as well as spiritual lines.

A "Knotty" Question.

Captain Wakefield, of the Salvation Army, the present commander of the forces in this city, has a very happy plan to solve a "knotty" problem, viz: the heating of the new hall in the barracks. He invites all those people in the barracks who have no heat in the wood which the owners cannot split, and which at the same time have a tendency to the most "naughty" words, to let him know, or any Salvation Army worker and the Army patrol wagon will take the "knotty" crowd in charge. The "knotty" question is asked in the barracks—Guelph Daily Mercury.

It works O. K.—W. G. W.

CHRIST'S DEATH FOR SINNERS.

Two things may quiet any man's conscience under the greatest guilt—(1) Is not this a sufficient sacrifice? Is there not satisfaction and atonement in the blood of Christ? (2) Is it not sufficient sacrifice? (3) Is it not this? This, I know, is apt to stagger at; but, however, and but that they have the head of the Sacrifice, confess they suffer under the head of the Sacrifice, lay their burdens upon Him by faith, and He is strong, and he that has been so affected for thy good, as available and effectual with the Lord for thee, as if thou thyself hadst suffered,—yes, infinitely more.

HALLELUJAH SONGS.

Oh, Yes, We're Happy!

Tune.—"Would you know?"

Would you know why I am happy,
Why I sing both night and day?
This because at blood-stained Calvary
Jesus washed my sins away.

Chorus.

This is why I'm always singing,
Why I'll ever happy be;
Jesus Christ on Calvary's mountain
Shed His blood to ransom me.

Where the angels sing His praises,
With the mighty ransomed throng,
He will lead me till life's ended,
And I'll join in heaven's sweet song.

I have told you why I'm happy,
You must just as happy be;
You must have you white, my brother,
Just as well as He did me.

If you but believe His promise,
He will forgive;
Come, my brother, heed the message,
Jesus died that you might live.

B. Good.

Wandering Backslider.

Tune.—"O, where is my boy to-night?"

Oh, where is that wandering soul to-night,
That once knew a Saviour's love,
That once had the joy, and peace, and
Hope of a mansion above.

Chorus.

O, where is that soul to-night?
(Repeat.)
My God looks down without a frown,
But love for that soul, to-night.

Ah, friend, your sins seem very great,
That greater His love be far;
Oh, come to His arms, He'll welcome you,
He'll be your Guiding Star.

Ah, wandering soul, why dost thou wait
While Jesus bids you come?
While yet He knocks, and pleads, and waits,
Why from Him will you roam?

Where is the soul that doth despair?
That gives up all for lost?
Rejoice! for Christ came into the world
To save them at all cost.

Lient. H. F. Lendley.

Hope for the Vildest.

Tune.—"He pardoned a rebel like me."

I was a poor sinner away, far from God,
On the brink of eternal despair;
I thought of the misery, and my mispent years,
And longed to be safe in the fold.

Chorus.

He pardoned a rebel like me.

I stopped and considered the love of my Christ,
Who laid all His glory aside;
Came down 'neath the weight of His sin,
To pardon poor rebels like me.

He patiently suffered the Cross and the shame,
The mocking, the nails and the spear;
The cry, "It is finished!" brings hope to the soul,
Now the vilest may come and be clean.

Praise God, though an outcast, in sorrow and shame,
Crushed down 'neath the weight of his sin,
The Blood that has cleansed many millions of souls
Will pardon a rebel like him.

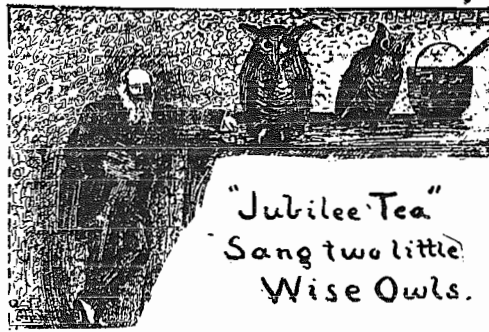
He breaks every fetter, He sets the soul free,
He freely forgives all the past;
He gives us the Witness, oh, praise His dear name,
His love it has conquered at last.

A. E. Isaacson, Captain.

Tell of Jesus.

Tunes.—Always Cheerful, R. J., 44; Silver Threads, B. J., 19; Shall We Gather at the River? B. J., 21.

4 Soldiers, God and tell of Jesus,
How He died to save our souls;
How that He from sin might free us,
Suffered agonies untold.



OWLS (in chorus): "Dear sir, you look so very sad," said two little owls one day. "What is the trouble, may we ask, and why look so down-beated, pray?"

MAN: "Oh, my spirits indeed are very low and all my life is sad, because the tea I lately use is very very bad."

OWLS (in chorus): "Cheer up! cheer up! my forlorn friend," both owls in chorus chimed, "the tea you need is JUBILEE." (Trade Dept.): We think this chorus rhymed.



THE
Salvation
Army
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I MEAN.

It is an up-to-date thing and no mistake.
Full Army colors.

PRICE - 5 Cents.

The Commissioner's Button was in the Cry a few weeks ago, and is a neat thing at the same price.



That the

LIFE OF CATHERINE BOOTH

is one of the best and most profitable books in my library, and should be read by the entire clergy of all denominations. The price of the same—\$3—is simply ridiculous. I would not be without it for many times that amount.

You can get the same for

\$3.00

AT

The Trade Headquarters.

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TRADE SECRETARY.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
The pure and holy, meek and lowly Jesus;
Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save.

Tell them the guilty of their danger,
While they wander far from God;
While they live to Christ a stranger,
And reject His precious Word.

Tell them of the joys of Heaven,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood;
How that they might be forgiven,
Jesus left His home above.

Tell them how He hath ascended
To prepare a home on high;
Where all sorrow shall be ended,
Where the saved shall never die.—J. B.

THE world needs nothing so much as light—not light blazing in the far-off sky, but light pouring out softly, low down, close by, from human lives which have been kindled at the heart of God.

—10—

The Esquimaux get on their knees to enter snow huts. The reason you have not yet got into the Kingdom is because you have not yet received the Kingdom as a little child. (Mark x. 15.) Unless your heart bows in humility, when your knees bend in prayer, you will not get into the Kingdom of God. Any profession which leads you to be proud of your experience, whatever else it may be, is not part of the Gospel of the Kingdom. Spiritual pride is just as bad as any other kind.

THE ADVANCE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

By MAJOR J. READ.

Ensign Scobell expects \$30 from Orillia next quarter. He has ordered another 50 boxes for Hamilton. He saw four souls at Brumpton on Monday night. He adds: "The C. O. P. is coming on top." God grant it! Mr. Codling, the Agent at Newmarket, has been sent 12 boxes. The folk of this town will take hold of the Box of life all right. The Eastern Province for the quarter ending March 26th beat all its past quarterly records. Well done, Ensign Perry! You have told in good shape. Hence the result of \$314 for the quarter. Take the top Provincial Seat, my friend, and hold it as long as you can! This victory set up the sum of \$122.84 in one week. Several of the Eastern Corps have done remarkably well during the recent quarter. Glace Bay not a very big place, actually raised \$21.16. Dan McLennan and Dan McPherson are its two Agents. Surely they have done it to Daniels in this respect, and consequently have conquered. Congratulations, dear comrades. Then Charles has again done glorious work under the wise and able supervision of Agents Miss Ellis and Mrs. Clark—New Glasgow, too, has gone ahead in splendid form, raising \$23.15. Well done, Mrs. Law and Mrs. Alcock. Really, Easterners are THE PEOPLE to do it—Amherst, Sydney and Campbellton deserve and must have honorable mention, and Agents Mr. Hargill and French, Florrie Boutiller, Mr. Hargill and Miss J. Smith are noble, hard-working people. Kate Smith and Ellen Vickera are newly-appointed Agents at Sydney Mines, and Eva Garrity has been given an Agency at Woodstock. God bless the East!

Ensign McKenzie gets some thrilling experiences in the North-West. Here is a par from one of his recent letters: "I am at Fargo, surrounded by stars, though in the heart of the city and have to get off by raft. The old barracks, just left a week ago, is floating together with many other houses. Faneuil a stream ten feet wide becoming ten miles wide. In fact, the prairie is all sea." Thank God Ensign is not drowned yet. The G. B. M. Scheme is also well along. Five new Agents have been appointed in the East Ontario Province, as follows: Miss Messay, Huntington; Bert Irving, St. Albans; and Mr. Norris, Mr. Patterson, and Brother Mann, at Barre, Vt. God bless them all!

Here is a starter from Ensign Sims: "I am in for trying to do something desperate during the present quarter by the help of God." Oliver P. A.'s had better look out! Sims' blood is up! Ten thousand pardons, Brother Bryant, of Portage. I made it appear in a recent Cry that this man raised only \$4.92 for his last collection. This was wrong, however, for it did far better than that. It was \$8.46. Brother B., in writing about this, states: "I hope you do me the honor Portage is going to lower itself like that!"

Ensign Perry writes: "Some Corps do exceedingly well. Glace Bay, Charlottetown and New Glasgow take first place, \$24.16, \$22.59, \$20.15 respectively. Charlottetown has lost their laurels at last. Glace Bay gains the victory, though it was a close one. The Charlottetown Agents did fine, and the Agents at Glace Bay did great. They have their heart in the work. Oh, how anxious they were to score the victory! and they were rewarded. The question is, who will head the next quarter? I want to see who will Charlottetown again her laurels? Then New Glasgow comes way, way up, taking third place for the Province. Had there not been some money stolen, where would they not have been?"

Mrs. Jas. Law, one of the New Glasgow Agents, comes in as a collector. I wonder if she will get ahead of Miss Ellis, of Charlottetown next time?

Then Sydney comes well to the front with \$11.31. Amherst, \$11.51. Campbellton, \$8.66. God bless the Western Agents! How can people steal the Lord's money? One person in Amherst had the police after our box lid.

A girl at service in Sydney had \$2.00 in her box. God bless her!

PEACE in the heart soon gives a quiet calm to the countenance.

WORRY is the great anti-faith remedy. It causes leanness of both soul and body.

YOU may lack talent, but you have no excuse for lacking full salvation.

THE SALVATION ARMY will operate the "Finger's Potato Patch Scheme" in San Francisco this season. Mr. for Winchell has the matter in hand. Several bits of land have been bought, and he is anxious in having the poor people planting potatoes for themselves.

CADETS OF THE TERRITORIAL TRAINING HOMES, TORONTO, Ont.



Robert Gros. James Marshall. Frank Welch. Win. White. John T. Foulkes. Frank C. Hunt.
Fred Burton. John Baird. Adj. W. H. Byers. Staff-Capt. T. Minnic. John T. Jordis n.
Walter Beattie. James Bonny. Capt. Wm. Brindley. Thos. J. Meeks.

THE WAR IN THE PROVINCES.

GANANIQUE.

We have just finished a week of beautiful meetings, led by Adjutant Stanton, assisted by Captains Blain, Ward, Banks and Lieutenant Read, and although we have only seen one soul, methinks when people sit and weep over their sins God's Spirit must be working.—J. T. Funnell.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T.—Steadily advancing; souls are being saved. Our converts are not numerous, but stick like burrs.—J. H. Middagh, R. C.

HELENA, MONT.—Adjutant Gibbs and Captain May have left us (not without regrets on our part) but we are not running the Salvation Army, so could not help it. Coffee and Cakes fed netted about \$22.00. Adjutant McDonald and Lieutenant McPee arrived, and we are pleased with them.—Rogers, Reg. Cor.

CHESELEY.—We welcome in our midst Captain Stephens. We were reinforced by Ensign Scobell and his Lieutenant, i. e. Jeffrey sang a solo, which the congregation liked. May we all imitate the blessed Master. He frozen Corin; it is only too true. Lord, wake us up.—J. M.

SYDNEY, C. B.—Had a big united meeting last night. All the Officers from around the District were in. Two recruits were enrolled as Soldiers, and seven Local Officers commissioned, one being one of the new-made Soldiers. Hallelujah! One soul on Sunday night. Praise God!—Alma Goodwin, Captain.

WALLACEBURG.—April 11th was a red-letter day for soul-saving. We rejoice over thirteen souls for the day. We reckon on making them good Blood and Fire Soldiers. We wound up at quarter past twelve with a Hallelujah dance and a wave offering. Wallaceburg Soldiers have learned how to pray and love souls, and they also love one another.—Jennie Whelan, Captain; Florence Hollett, Lieutenant.

COATICOKE, P. Q.—We had Ensign Sims with us for week-end. Sunday night we had a Service of Songs, entitled "A

Flower of Pith."—Carrie Stalger, Captain; Maude McFarlane, Lieutenant.

WALKERTON.—On Thursday, a Jam-Tart Home-coming Meeting. A grand success. The whole town was aroused. On Sunday, a bartender sat under conviction and wept like a child. Closed at 11:45 with three souls in the Fountain. Lieutenant J. Bonny.

CHATHAM, ONT.—The devil has been doing his utmost to make things interesting here, but this morning we can shout a loud "Hallelujah" to our Conquering Christ, and report four souls as a result of yesterday's battle, making six in the last two weeks. Jennie Crawford, Captain.

PETERBORO.—We had an old friend of ours with us—Lieutenant Patten. God bless her! At the night meeting, Sergeant E. Barrett fared well for the Training Garrison. God abundantly bless him! Is our prayer, and may he be a soulwinner.—May Lang.

CALGARY.—We had a splendid day. On Sunday in the Holiness Meeting, one sister who has been disobeying God got the victory and was on the march rejoicing at night. After a real fight at night, one soul—a sister—volunteered out and got blessedly saved. Hallelujah! Mrs. E. Frost, Special Cor.

MISSOULA, MONT.—On Sunday we had six souls out for Salvation. On Thursday night, coffee supper; seven Soldiers enrolled; Officers fared well. Since new Officers arrived seven souls at the Fountain. Special Arnold here with Graphophone. It was immense. Captain Fierrould was here, since gone to Grant Falls.—J. H. Frost, Reg. Cor.

IT WAS ALL TRUE.

SEAFORTH.—We had a drunkards' home meeting, which was a grand success. We took in nearly \$20; highest crowd been in the Barracks for a long time. One dealer in the liquor traffic who was there said it was all true and could not have been portrayed better. Said he wished he was out of the busi-

ness. Crowds are good here; souls are being saved. Soldiers being made, debt getting cleared. We give God the glory. I remain Yours in the War, George Smith, Captain.

TRENTON.—Captain has been sick since April 1st, but the Comrades have done nobly, not a meeting lost. Meetings have been well conducted. One soul, A. E. W. Coate, Captain. A. E. W. Coate, Captain.

MILES CITY, MONT.—We are marching on to war in Miles City. The battle rages fierce and long. Souls convicted; deep interest; good crowds; fair collections. The trumpet sounds "Fight on." Keeney, Capt.; Stone, Lieut.

REGINA, ASSA.—Since last report God has been blessing us. Four souls in the Fountain. Major Bennett, Provincial Officer, paid us a visit, which we appreciated very much. We mean victory. G. S. G., Reg. Cor.

MINOT, N. D.—Our Hall closed this week on account of diphtheria. On Thursday we went up to pay a visit to the miners. Deep interest taken in the work; (in the Army work—not the mines, eh?—Ed.) we are looking forward to seeing some of them saved. God is blessing us while out visiting. Many are on the point of deciding for God.—Old-Timer.

MONTREAL L.—Ensign Sims has visited us with his Magic Lantern Service, entitled "Little Jamie," which took well. It being the best yet, and the income was double the previous visit. Mud and slush are the order of the day at present, but the Band boys glory in it; no "side-walk marching" for them! Three souls this past week.—F. R. B.

HALIFAX L.—Grand times at our knee-drops. Three souls sought Salvation, making five souls at the Cross since last report.—Sec. Casbin.

NEWPORT, VT.—After a hard day's fight Sunday, God rewarded our efforts by saving one soul. One brother has been convicted for a long time, but would not yield till Sunday night. War Cry all sold out. Praise God! A. E. Norman, Captain.

A MINE ON FIRE

SPRINGHILL.—On account of the East Slope being on fire, many of the miners have been compelled to leave and had to seek employment elsewhere, taking quite

a few of our Soldiers. But the God who raised up a Joshua when Moses died will raise up other Soldiers here. Two souls this week. Hallelujah.—Capt. Hindy.

KEEWATIN.—Praise God! On Friday night we had one soul in the Fountain, and still believing for more. M. Jackson, Lieutenant.

EDMONTON.—Still marching on quite cheerful with our backs towards North. Spring-like here now,—so the Officers think. They've just had a general scrubological-turn-upside-down-carpet-thrashing bee; showers of whitewash, etc. My! how things shine now! H. Krelger, Reg. Cor.

RAT PORTAGE.—We had Major Collier for week-end. Good meetings; two precious souls saved, making six for Salvation, and three for cleansing since last report.—A. Graham, Lieutenant.

BLIND FIGS.

LAKEMORE.—"The Army is just the thing here," was the remark passed the other day; and we say so, too. Beautiful crowds, finances are good, and War Cry sell splendid. Three souls in the Fountain. Some people were very much surprised to hear we went into blind pigs with our Cry, and asked me if I was not afraid. Why should I, when Jesus has promised to go before? Annie Hurst, Captain.

Are we to wait for a new Moses to lead us into the Land of Promise? Are not our four hundred years of slavery almost at an end? Groans and complaints are ascending daily to God from a million drunkards' homes. The tearful eyes of orphans are raised to Heaven as mothers and their children stand around one hundred thousand graves, wide open doors to the pit of despair into which one hundred thousand drunkards in America are yearly flung. Is the fault ours? Let God and conscience answer.—"Horn's Horn."

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, B. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.